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REMORSE, REMORSE.

BY WILLAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

In vain, in vain thou fliest round,
O gentle, pitying, blue-eyed dove,
With eager, trembling, hopeful wing—
A messenger of love!

II.

In vain! In vain!—the vulture here,
Remorse's vulture, will not part
From his predestined, quivering prey—
This ever-bleeding heart.

III.

The judgment 's spoke—the doom is sealed—
The beak shall ever stab the core;
From yonder cloud a slow, deep voice
Cries "*Ever, evermore!*"

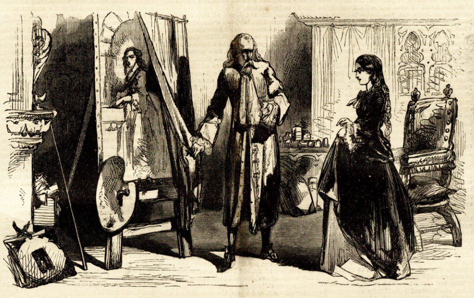
IV.

The fire-swart depths roll answer back;
The mocking demons laugh reply;
And shadowy shapes, with bloodless lips
That taunt, walk slowly by.

V.

Remorse! Remorse! Remorse! Remorse!
O linger not, thou pitying dove!—
In mercy, go! the beak but sinks
The deeper for thy love!

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1861, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]



THE PICTURE UNVAILED.

THE WHITE TERROR.

BY ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOST DEEDS," "THE MYSTERIOUS MARRIAGE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

Eady was the last one to leave the room, and she turned the key in the lock, and this time put it in her pocket, while she regarded Adrienne in silent amazement. M. Lecour witnessed the action, and drily said:

"Restore the key to its usual place, Jackdaw. In future it will be useful to this wilful girl, as she will release you from much of your attendance on our helpless guest."

"I aint above attendin' to my own business," said Eady, sturdily, "an' I aint gwine to put no sich service on my young mistis."

"The menial service you must still perform, of course; but Adrienne will necessarily become the companion of many of the vacant hours of the poor recluse. It is well for him, perhaps, that she came hither, but not so well for herself, for she will find it but a weary burden to find amusement for a poor imbecile like Prince Louis."

"If I can brighten his life, I am willing to undertake it," replied Adrienne, with an expression of sincerity which brought a satirical smile to the lips of M. Lecour. He paused in the lower hall, and laid aside his crimson robe and his wand of office.

Eady took charge of them, and turning to Adrienne, he sternly said:

"Come with me and hear the history your disobedience has compelled me to confide to you."

Adrienne followed him with alacrity, for she was yet in a state of amazement at the extraordinary nature of the morning's revelation. She was yet incredulous of the fact that the Prince who was believed dead in his own country, whose decease was there officially recorded, whose monument had been erected, yet lived in exile, his existence denied—his identity disputed.

M. Lecour closed the door behind them, pointed to a seat, and threw himself into a large armchair. After a few moments of moody thought, he aroused himself and said:

"I have been meditating on the possibility of entrusting to you the sad secret of this house, Mademoiselle, and therefore your rash act escapes the anger it would otherwise have aroused. Since it was your will to come hither, I had already concluded to make you useful in relieving me of the burdensome task of reading such books to the Prince as are suited to his capacity. He has a passion for tales of fiction, but he is incapable of reading them intelligently. He is necessarily confined to his apartment the greater part of the time, for he is entirely helpless, as you saw yourself. You are young enough to amuse him by joining in the childish plays he is fond of, and therefore I forgive you for your intrusion to-day. His presence beneath this roof could not long have been kept a secret from you at any rate."

"And is this really and truly the son of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette? How, then, has all France been deceived into the belief that he perished from the effects of the ill-treatment he received?"

"That was managed easily enough. A boy suffering from the same disease, which had almost run its course, was sought for and found in one of the public hospitals. While he took the place of Louis of France, the young prince was secretly removed to Marseilles, and placed on board a vessel bound for New Orleans. While his substitute breathed his last, Louis was conveyed from his native land forever."

"And why was this done?"

"To remove an imbecile from the path of his uncle, who will yet rule France as Louis XVIII."

"And you?—what led you to undertake this charge, *mon père?*"

A scornful smile wreathed his lip, as he replied:

"It will doubtless shock you to hear that money was the inducement. A large bribe and a munificent annuity were my rewards for the service. A powerful relative wished the poor lad out of the realm which he was manifestly unfit to govern. After all his sufferings, he hesitated to remove him by the aid of a good chemist; Louis might live out his miserable span of existence if he was taken from his path. He pledged himself to provide him with such means of enjoyment as he was capable of appreciating, so long as he was kept in strict seclusion, and his existence entirely unsuspected by his countrymen."

"And how was it that you were the agent selected to carry out their plan?"

"I am quite willing to tell you why *I* assumed this charge; but it involves a portion of my previous history. I was one of the fiercest of those democrats who called for the blood of the Austrian woman and her facile husband. Poor creature! he was only unfitted by nature for the position to which he was born; the great mother intended him for a maker of locks, and not a violator of laws; he, poor dullard! was merely a tool in the hands of others, with no will of his own to persist in any course, whether for good or for evil. I was once the friend of Danton—I possessed his confidence, and but for my counsels the massacres of September had never deluged the streets of Paris with blood. Yes—I glory in the remembrance of those days—the cursed aristocrats fell beneath the knife of the guillotine—beneath the blade of the assassin, and their life-blood watered the pavements over which they had flaunted in their haughty disdain of the working million. It was just! It was just, and I do not regret my part in the grand tragedy."

He arose, threw his arms aloft, and walked to and fro in an excited manner. Chilled, appalled by this revelation, Adrienne sat cold and pale, her eyes following his movements with such fascination as the reptile exercises over the bird he intends to make his prey.

M. Lecour caught the expression of her face, and rightly interpreted it. He laughed aloud, as he stopped suddenly in front of her, and said:

"You are shocked—you are amazed; you feel very much like the child in the fairy tale when she found herself in the den of the ogre. Yes—I am your ogre. I read it in your scared face, and I warn you that I can be worse than one, as my whole career can prove. Cherish a wholesome fear of me, Mademoiselle, for it will be your best safeguard."

Her white lips unclosed, and she said:

"No, *mon père*, I am not *afraid* of you, for I do not believe that you would wilfully harm me; but I am terrified at this unlooked for revelation. I wish to love, to reverence you, and you seem to exult in your power to place yourself before me as the defier of all laws; as one who has trampled on the sacred right of every human being, to dwell on God's earth, till He himself sees fit to recall the life he has given."

M. Lecour regarded her with grim composure, and there was horrible sarcasm in the icy tones of his voice, as he replied:

"'Might makes right,' says the old adage, and I elect to believe in it; to act on it. I am a bad man, Mademoiselle; a *fatal* man, but I am no hypocrite. I stand before you in my true colors. Listen to what further I have to reveal to you."

Adrienne bowed submissively, and he went on:

"I stirred up the masses against the King—I helped to give a more savage tone to the voices that cried out for the blood of God's anointed. His head fell, but the vengeance of the people was still unsatisfied—the true curse of France lived in the Austrian woman, on whose head I charged all the evils of her vacillating husband's reign. I will be just enough to myself to say that I fully believed the vilest calumnies that were uttered against her, and I was frantic for the atonement of blood. I saw no justice in taking the life of our own king, if this foreigner, who had instigated him to the acts for which the nation demanded atonement, was permitted to live. Yes—I was resolute that the queenly head of Maria Theresa's daughter should fall beneath the knife of the executioner, and I rested not till she was brought to trial."

He paused, and Adrienne faintly said:

"Go on, Monsieur; your story has a terrible interest for me."

A marked change passed over M. Lecour's face. The expression lost much of its fierceness, and his voice had quite changed its tone when he next spoke.

"On her trial, for the first time, was I brought face to face with this royal heroine, and I felt that a truly great soul inhabited that delicate woman's body. My feelings underwent a strange revulsion as I looked upon the worn face, the hair silvered by anguish, and witnessed the simple dignity with which she repelled the insults heaped upon the daughter of the Cæsars. Oh! amid its darkest epochs, the world has witnessed no such scene as that! A crowned queen of the greatest nation on earth arraigned as a common criminal! her purity insulted, her dignity outraged, by a lawless mob who claimed to be her judges!

"All the enormity of the crime we were about to perpetrate flashed suddenly upon me. It came as a revelation from another world, and I do not pretend to account for the sudden revulsion my feelings underwent. I felt that I must speak in her defence or die; I ventured to address the raging mob whose passions I had helped to arouse, and I faltered something which meant that armed men should find better employment than making war on a defenceless woman. Those few words came near costing me my life; the human tigers had feasted on blood too long to give up their victim, and a howl of rage was the reply I received. They would have thrown themselves upon me, and hurled me too to destruction if I had not at once retracted my feeble effort at defence. I was compelled to show that I was eager for the destruction of the unfortunate woman before the tribunal. They demanded of me a speech setting forth her crimes against the dignity of the realm over which she had reigned, and I was base enough to obey the command. With reckless eloquence I summed up all the evil deeds of which she was accused, and asked death as their penalty. With applauding cries, and clapping of hands, the sentence was pronounced; I looked but once at that fallen majesty. She stood calm and unmoved; after all the horrors to which she had been subjected, the repose of the grave was evidently welcome. I saw it in the composed resignation of her face; I read it in the deep sadness of her eyes. Oh, then I could have kneeled before her, and prayed for pardon for all the wrong I knew that I had done her; but it was too late—*too late.* The evil was accomplished, and I was powerless to aid or save!"

He paused, and Adrienne earnestly said:

"Go on, *mon père*; you interest me deeply; you prove that humanity was not utterly dead within you. I know how the queen perished, but what of yourself in those frightful days?"

"Ah child! do not expect that I shall attempt to clear myself from the stain of blood. No—it clings to me forever—it blights my days, and renders night terrible to me. Its curse is your heritage, as it has been my punishment, for the evil I aided to accomplish."

Adrienne shivered and grew pale, but M. Lecour went on apparently regardless of her emotion:

"I asked to stand sentinel over Maria Antoinette during the last night she was to spend on earth. I had sufficient interest to secure this favor, and I watched her without ceasing throughout its dreary hours. I saw her prepare her death toilette from the meagre and wretched materials in her possession. Look! behold the Queen of France, in the cell whose very atmosphere was heavy with the sighs of those who had preceded her in its narrow cells."

He approached the picture which stood upon his easel, swept aside the curtain that hung over it, and pointed to the stately figure of the fallen queen. Tears rushed into Adrienne's eyes, as she beheld the noble face, and silver hair—the delicate hands engaged in repairing her shoes for the last service that would be required of them.

M. Lecour went on in a more subdued tone:

"I ventured to approach her, and said in a guarded tone:

"'Citizeness, I would have saved you to-day, but the mob was too strong for me. I spoke against you, but I did it unwillingly. I would atone for the wrongs I have done you by any service you may claim, which it is possible for me to render.'

"She looked up with an expression of surprise, and steadily regarded me a few moments. I do not know what she read in my face, but she seemed moved, as she replied:

"'I have now but one earthly care—my children—they will be barbarously treated, perhaps destroyed. If you can do so, save the heir of France; take my forgiveness for any evil you have done to me, if you will befriend my helpless darlings.'

"'I swear to do so to the best of my ability,' I replied; and I endeavored to redeem that pledge. It was long—long before I had the power to do so. Danton, my patron, fell, and I was involved in his ruin. I was forced to live in concealment, and in my turn, I endured all the horrors of the fugitive whose life is hunted by the remorseless blood-hounds of a sanguinary mob.

"The reign of Terror slowly passed away; a new era dawned upon the country whose soil was deluged by the blood shed in the name of liberty. I came forth from my hiding place, and sought the means of fulfilling my promise to the hapless Marie Antoinette. Her son was removed from the power of the vile shoemaker, who had wrecked both mind and body by the unparalleled ill-treatment he had inflicted upon the unfortunate child. I found him under the care of respectable people who endeavored to restore him to health and happiness. I sought the post of attendant upon him, and as I had some knowledge of medicine, the physician who waited on him, employed me to carry out his system of treatment more intelligently than an ordinary nurse could have done.

"The health of Louis slowly improved, but his dulled intellect never brightened. He could be taught to repeat a form of words, but they conveyed no ideas to his vacant mind. I soon saw that the mischief was irremediable. A sprightly intelligent child had been slowly tortured into semi-idiocy, and there was no balm in Gilead for his restoration.

"This conviction had scarcely fixed itself upon my mind, when an agent from the Compte D'Artois sought me and proposed to me to remove the unfortunate boy from his path, when a way seemed opening to him to ascend his brother's throne. I knew that if I refused, less scrupulous means might be found for getting rid of the unhappy child, and I believed this was the only means of fulfilling my promise to his mother. I do not wish to appear better than I am, and I will also admit that my own interests were too well secured to permit me to hesitate long on the course it was expedient for me to pursue. In a private hospital, a lad of Louis' age and complexion had already been found, who could be substituted as the heir of France. I could easily evade suspicion by leaving the country with my young charge on a vessel chartered for that purpose by my employer.

"I was broken in fortune, and callous in mind. My country, after passing through a crisis unexampled in the history of the world, was settling back under the rule of the very class from which such frantic struggles had been made to release her; and all the blood shed had been vain to establish the equal rights of men. I had despaired of France as a free country, and I began to regard the acquisition of money as the great end of existence. I accepted the terms offered to me, and prepared to remove the Prince when the vessel was ready to sail.

"My chemical knowledge enabled me to produce the appearance of sinking in the feeble frame of Louis; I sat up with him that night, and during its silence and darkness, the dying boy was brought from the hospital, while the living one was sent away in a state of lethargy produced by the stupefying potion I had administered to him. The resemblance between the two was quite sufficient for our purpose, and when the physician came to pay his morning visit, he merely glanced at the skeleton frame whose death he was called on to report officially. The decease of the lad did not surprise him, for he had looked for it for several days, and the evasion was so adroitly managed, that I believe he had no suspicion of the true facts of the case. An annuity was secured to me during the life of the young Prince, besides a considerable sum of money for immediate use, and I considered my promise to his mother to be faithfully kept by the part I played in this transaction. I felt the assurance in my own mind, that less scrupulous means would be resorted to, if the unhappy lad was left in the power of those to whom his removal was of such vital importance. I knew his unfitness for the position to which his birth entitled him, and I saved him from perishing by poison, if he were left in the power of those who might be tempted to use it in some new political crisis."

"But that crisis has never arisen," said Adrienne.

"Not yet—but it will come: The soldier of fortune who now rules France will meet his downfall some of these days, and the legitimate ruler will yet wield the sceptre held by his ancestors. I am certain that a reaction is taking place even now, for a priest to whom the exchange of lads was made known in the confessional, has been sent hither as a spy upon me, and I believe that his object is to prove the existence of this unhappy boy. I warn you against betraying your knowledge of these facts, for if Father Eustace discovers the presence of the Prince beneath my roof, it will cause evil to many."

Adrienne started, and listened with even deeper interest than before. She endeavored to conceal her emotion by asking:

"Why have you thought it necessary to surround the unfortunate youth with the outward semblance of royal state? To imbue his mind with the idea that he is really a king?"

"Ah! that is the revenge my cynical pride induced me to take upon royalty degraded in his poor imbecile person. I am a republican still—a rabid one if you will, and it amuses me to make this wretched creature, dethroned of reason as well as of power, play the part of the *roi fainéant.* It can do no harm to any one, and what was at first a jest, has now become a habit and a necessity to the poor imbecile. If he were deprived of the empty state in which he lives, Louis would pine away and die. I should lose my annuity, and the power I possess over certain persons in Europe, to whom the reappearance of this poor lad on the political arena would be fatal. It is even said that a project has been formed to proclaim Louis king, with Bonaparte as military dictator. The little Corsican can do better than that, as he will soon prove by seizing imperial power. I am far away from France, but am kept well informed of what is passing there, and I can dispassionately judge of the march of events. I am talking to you, child, as if you can comprehend all these affairs: go—leave me—I have talked too much already. Take your new task upon yourself to-day, and be wary of the priest, if he should attempt to communicate with you."

He imperatively motioned to her to leave him, and Adrienne arose to obey. She asked:

"How am I to comply with the prince's wish with reference to my dress, *mon père?* I have only two robes, and both are black."

"True—that must be remedied. There are loads of finery in the house, that once belonged to Madame Lecour. She was most extravagant in her toilette, and her figure was not unlike yours. Tell Eady to open some of her hoards, and deck yourself according to your fancy. I care nothing for the wardrobe which has so long lain useless, and you can take unlimited possession."

With many thanks, Adrienne turned to leave him, but M. Lecour suddenly barred her egress from the door, and sternly asked:

"Do you comprehend the vital importance of the secret imparted to you, Adrienne? Will you defend it even at the risk of your own life? Aye—even if that wily priest tells you that your future salvation depends upon your faithlessness to the trust reposed in you, will you be true to it?"

This question placed Adrienne in a cruel dilemma, but the natural uprightness of her character showed her clearly that to this old man she owed her first allegiance, even if the other was her father; for M. Lecour had given her shelter beneath his roof, however grudgingly it had been done, and her whole soul recoiled from the idea of domestic treachery. She would guard his secret faithfully, and she firmly replied:

"I fully comprehend the weight of the trust reposed in me, and I promise fidelity even unto death."

M. Lecour regarded her face with a look of intense scrutiny, before he replied:

"I believe you, child. I believe you are of the true metal, and I am not afraid of treachery on your part."

"Thank you for that, *mon père.* I will surely prove myself worthy of your confidence."

Adrienne left the room, and M. Lecour regarded the portrait of Marie Antoinette with an expression of mixed fear and awe, as he muttered:

"Enlighten me, oh royal shadow, as to the course to be pursued in this crisis. Will it be best to keep him here in his seclusion, or permit him to become the puppet of another's ambition? Speak! Your sad lips have before unclosed to threaten or to warn. Why should they be silent now?"

He bent his head in a listening attitude, and watched the sad face; but to-day it was motionless—the effects of the Indian drug had died out in his veins, and the hallucination did not come at his command.

"Silent!" he exclaimed. "Then I may follow my own will; so ho, for France, and royal state! I accept the Corsican's offer, and swear vendetta against him if he plays me false!"

CHAPTER XIII.

Adrienne went at once to the domains of the negress, and without preamble informed her of the permission given by M. Lecour to choose from the wardrobe of his late wife such attire as might suit her fancy. The old woman regarded her even with more intense amazement than she had manifested during the scene in the apartment of the prince. She rolled up her eyes till the whites were alone visible, and said:

"I 'clar to Moses, you mus' have de sarpint's power to fascerate folks, as de evil one fascerated de fustest woman, for you already twisses my ole marster roun' yer finger, an' makes him do whatever you pleases. Give you my missuses finery, mus' I? Well—I never 'spected to have sich a order from *him*, but I carnt do less den 'bey it. De close is lyin' in de drawers, gittin' yaller an' doin' nobody any good; so I s'pose you mougt as well wear 'em as not; but it's mighty cur'us, an' *I* don' pertend to understan' how you got roun' him myself. I only hopes you'll be 'lowed to wear 'em in peace."

"What do you mean? Who is to interfere with my wearing them, since my grandfather has given me permission to do so?"

Eady regarded her with a singular expression, as she said, in a suppressed tone:

"S'posen de ghose was to take it in her head to claim 'em, what den? You saw her put on de bridal dresses, an' why shant she choose to put on some o' de res'? Dey all b'longed to her onct."

"Ah! you admit the reality of that scene then?" said Adrienne, aroused to vivid interest. "Phantoms do not put on real garments, Eady, and that white-haired woman was no more a ghost than is the prince up stairs. You see I have penetrated the secret of his presence beneath this roof, and it will be to your best interest to take me into your confidence respecting the mysterious presence in my room last night."

Eady shook her head ominously:

"*Our* perlosofy don't teach us all de tings what goes on in Hebben, or on yeth; as I heard my ole marster read out'n a book onct; an' it sounded mighty gran'! It was from a play, whar a sure 'nuff ghose comes to tell his son dat his brother have murdered him. Ef a ghose comes to *dat* young man, why carnt a ghose come agin, I axes yer, young mistis? An' I tell you 'taint no use to come arter me to tell you nothin', caze I don' know nothin' to tell."

With these words Eady assumed an expression of dogged obstinacy, and Adrienne saw it would be useless to question her further. With the resolution to use her own eyes and senses to fathom the secret of the sable housekeeper, she silently followed her to her own chamber.

Eady produced the key of the armoire, and unlocked the door next to the window. A row of shelves was before Adrienne, filled with linen bags, each one of which was found to contain an elegant and expensive dress. They were made in the fashion of a past day, but that mattered little in the out-of-the-way place in which they were to be worn. The voluminous skirts, pointed waists, and sleeves tight to the elbow, with deep falls of fine lace, showed that many years had passed away since the mantua maker's art had fashioned them. But the materials were of the richest texture and most graceful designs, and Adrienne regarded them with the natural delight of a young and attractive girl, who is conscious that tasteful costume imparts a new charm to even the fairest form and face.

She selected one of the plainest among them for present use. It was a lilac brocade, with trimmings of black lace, relieved by knots of pink ribbon. Eady then unclosed a drawer in which fine laces, filmy handkerchiefs and gloves were laid away. The kid gloves were hard and spotted, rendered unfit for use by the dampness of the climate; but there were gloves of white and black lace, which fitted Adrienne's hands as if made for them, and from these she selected a pair of the latter.

Eady looked on with a dubious expression—a doubt evidently existed in her mind as to what might result from this appropriation. She muttered:

"I s'pose since you've got one part o' de fixin's, you mougt as well have t'other too;" and she next unlocked a drawer filled with slippers of every color, trimmed with large rosettes, and mounted on high, narrow heels. There was a pair to match each dress, and the most of them seemed as if they had scarcely been worn at all. Eady said:

"Now, ef you can wear de madame's shoes, young mistis, you'll 'stonish me, for she had de cunningest leetle feet in de worl'."

Adrienne sat down, and taking off her own shoe, drew on one of Madame Lecour's slippers as easily as if it had been made for her. She laughed as she held out her foot, and said:

"It is small enough for Cinderella, but you see it fits me perfectly. I half believe your mistress was my fairy godmother, Eady, and endowed me with a body to match her cast off finery, because she knew it would be my only chance to obtain a suitable wardrobe. If she comes back in ghostly form again to dispute possession with me, I believe I will really do battle with her for my finery."

"Hush-h h, chile; don' talk sich idle talk; it makes my flesh creep to hear you run on so. Ef she *do* come back, young mistis, it won't be to hurt *you*, I am sure, an' you won't say nothin' to *him*, even ef you do git badly scared."

She pointed impressively toward her master's room to give stronger emphasis to the pronoun, and Adrienne seriously replied:

"I shall not break the promise I gave you this morning, Eady; but I warn you that I shall be on the *qui vive* to make discoveries myself, and I pledge myself to nothing with regard to them. Since you will not confide to me the real secret of this White Terror, I shall make every effort to fathom it myself. Once mine, I shall make what use I please of my knowledge."

"La, chile, how can I 'splain to you what I don' onstan' myself? Ef de ghose comes, it comes, an' ole Eady aint got no infymation of its doin's. So you don' 'form marster's notions 'bout its comin' to *him*, I don't care. He's de only creetur I'm 'fraid of on dis blessed yeth."

"If it was really a spirit that walked about my room last night, M. Lecour would be powerless to injure it. Why, then, should you fear him in connexion with the phantom?"

"'Taint no use talkin', young mistis. Niggers is niggers, an' dey'll allers b'lieve in ghoses. But it's mighty strange dat white folks won't b'lieve, even when dey's seen 'em wi' dere own eyes. You's bin all over dis house now, an' I axes you whar could that white lady stay?"

To this question Adrienne had no reply, for she believed she had now explored every nook of the old mansion, and she had certainly beheld no evidences that the apartments in the forsaken portion were inhabited. She however said at random:

"If I had access to every part of the house whenever I chose to visit it, perhaps I might make some discoveries; but you keep the doors locked, and only exhibit the rooms when you are sure they are unoccupied."

"I only 'beys orders," replied Eady, demurely. "My marster don't 'low de 'partments to be opened, an' *he* wouldn't care ef de dus' an' de rats took persession. I likes to keep de things in order, caze my mistis was mighty pertickeler, an' ef her ghose do come back, I don' want her to find dat ole Eady has forgot how to clean up things nice. Come, chile, ef you's gwine to put on dem fineries, let me help you to onct, caze I must go back to my cooking. 'Taint no trifle to git up dinners for de marster, an' dat young man up stairs, for dey bofe thinks more of their eatin' than of anything else in dis here wail o' tears. Ef you puts on dat dress, your ha'r must be fixed up like hern used to be."

"What? mounted on the top of my head like a helmet, and powdered? No, thank you, I had rather keep it in its natural state."

"But jes' let me put it up for onct, young mistis. Jes' do it now to please me, caze I want ter see how much you'll look like de madame wid one of her dresses on you."

But little persuasion was necessary to induce Adrienne to gratify this whim of the old housekeeper, and her glistening hair was soon twined over a cushion crossed in the style of the latter part of the last century, and then lightly sprinkled with a perfumed powder which was produced from some recess known to the sable handmaiden.

The dress was then donned, and found to fit with sufficient accuracy to set off to advantage the light and graceful form of its wearer, and Adrienne gazed with youthful delight into the large cheval glass, upon the brilliant apparition reflected there. Her ruby lips wore a charming smile, as she said:

"I declare I am quite enchanted with the effect of this dress. How much more graceful are these voluminous folds flowing from this pointed boddice, than the scanty drapery and short waists now in fashion in France. Elegant as the wife of the first consul is conceded to be, she lacks the good taste to see how much is sacrificed by the style of costume she has seen fit to adopt."

Eady was scarcely listening to her; she was standing with clasped hands and wondering eyes, and she exclaimed:

"I 'clar to Moses, ef you aint the very *moral* o' the madame. I seen her wi' dat very dress on onct, an' 'cept dat you looks brighter an' younger, you's her 'zact image. What *he*'ll say when he sees you, *I* don' know."

"Am I really so much like Madame Lecour? It seems very strange, for I am sure I am not in any way related to her," said Adrienne, again surveying herself in the mirror.

"You is herself over again; I b'lieve it's jes' a judgment on *him*, an' you is sent here for some purpis bes' known to de Good Man up yonder. Ef 'tis so, *He'll* work it out in his own way, so you never mine. Jes' go on de 'p'inted path, an' all will be well enough. Hi! I carn't stan' here talkin' my nonsense all day, I mus' go down to my work. Here am de keys; mebbe you'd bes' keep 'em, dat you may go in de places whenever you like."

"Will you give me the same permission with reference to the rooms in the old house?" asked Adrienne, mischievously.

"Sho, chile! don't ask what's onpossible. De marster would storm at us bofe an' turn you out o' doors, mebbe, ef he foun' dat you was a takin' persession o' de keys o' de 'partments," and Eady hurried from the room to avoid any further conversation on a subject that evidently annoyed her.

Adrienne sat down soberly to review her position and fix some line of conduct which would enable her to evade the demands of Father Eustace, and maintain her fidelity to her grandfather, without arousing the anger of the former. She tried calmly to review the singular events of the day, and the anomalous position in which she found herself placed toward the helpless imbecile whom it was henceforth to be her task to wait on and amuse.

With the enthusiasm of a young and untried heart, she believed herself fully competent to fulfill all the duties required of her. *She* would soothe his wandering mind, elevate his nature, and cultivate in him a belief in that future existence which she could well believe M. Lecour had rendered a nullity to the poor outcast of reason.

While she thus mused the time sped away, and Pierre came to her door with the announcement that M. Lecour demanded her attendance in the presence chamber, this grandiloquent name having been given by the old recluse to the apartment occupied by his ward.

With swift steps Adrienne proceeded toward the prince's chamber; she came as a radiant vision of youth and loveliness into the old anteroom, passed Eady with a smile, and glided into the royal presence with a graceful obeisance. Louis sat expectant and impatient before a small table set out with silver and fine porcelain. M. Lecour, in his robe of state, stood with his wand of office, and as his eyes fell upon the young girl, he trembled and grew white as death. Making a violent effort, he mastered his emotion, and his set face seemed more marble-like than ever, as he motioned to her to receive the dishes brought by Eady, and place them before the prince.

Adrienne accomplished this service with ease and grace, and Louis chuckled with satisfaction. He said:

"Well done, *la belle comtesse*, you have earned your title fairly, and now you shall have your reward. You shall eat with my royal self."

"That will be a useless and troublesome innovation, *mon roi*," objected M. Lecour. "If you would eat your food in peace, do not ask a woman to sit down with you. Then you must wait on her, and at present it is the duty of the comtesse to attend to you."

"If it is my pleasure to have it the other way, who shall refuse me? Am I not king? Is it not your duty to obey me, monsieur?"

"It is my pleasure to do so, *mon roi*," replied M. Lecour, with a mocking reverence. "Since it is your will, la comtesse shall eat with you. Mademoiselle, take your place opposite to Prince Louis, and see that he wants for nothing."

Adrienne would gladly have excused herself, but there was no alternative, and she assumed the place indicated. Louis immediately commenced heaping a plate with the daintily prepared viands, which he offered to her acceptance. At a sign from M. Lecour she took it, and before Eady could bring on a second plate for his own use, the prince drew the most tempting dish before him, plunged in a spoon, and commenced eating as if half famished. After despatching that, he seized upon the next, and proceeded thus until Adrienne had reason to congratulate herself that he had thought her worthy of being first served. He swallowed large libations of Burgundy, and nodding toward her over his glass, said:

"Not good for you, la comtesse; too much like blood—too much like blood. But I was nursed on it—the red flush is too familiar. Ah-h-h!" and again he fell back in an attack of catalepsy.

After a few convulsive struggles, Louis sat up, looked stupidly around, and commanded the dessert to be brought in. This consisted of oranges and nuts, and again he was polite enough to supply the wants of Adrienne before taking any himself.

The dinner was at last over, and M. Lecour knelt and offered a bowl of water and a napkin to the mimic royalty to whom it was his whim to do homage. Louis condescendingly said:

"My lord chamberlain, I am pleased with you to-day; very much pleased with your consideration in permitting la comtesse to become the companion of my solitude. Leave us now to be read to by her; she shall reveal to us how the Princess Schehezerade kept her head on her shoulders by amusing the caliph; what wonderful new stories she invented for that purpose. La Comtesse can imagine herself the princess who was so severely tasked, and maybe she can tell something out of her own head to make the time pass pleasantly."

"She will no doubt do her best, *mon roi*, for she wishes to be of use to you."

"Good child—good child, and pretty too—pretty—pretty." Thus muttering, he threw himself back upon his seat, and M. Lecour placed a cushion under his head. Eady rapidly and silently cleared the table, and brought forward a small stand on which was placed a large volume elegantly bound.

M. Lecour addressed Adrienne in a low voice. "It is my custom to read to him till he falls asleep, and then, with Pierre's assistance, he is removed to his bed for the night. When he is in that state, ring the bell for Pierre, and you are released until to-morrow."

He pointed to the bell handle near the head of the couch, and with a deep reverence towards Louis, left the apartment.

The prince had closed his eyes, and seemed scarcely conscious of what was passing around him. Adrienne opened the volume, and finding a mark between the page, she commenced her task at once. At the sound of her voice he roused himself up, and drowsily said:

"Don't begin there where my lord chamberlain left off. I know the book by heart, and I choose you to turn back to the first part."

"If you know it by heart, how can you find any interest in hearing it read? Had I not better get something else to amuse you with?"

"No—I can't think of new book people. These are all I have ever known about, and I like them best. It is like going on a visit to old friends to hear of them again, and I shall like to listen to your voice telling about them. It is a very sweet and pleasant voice, and you're very pretty to look at too."

Adrienne did not blush at this openly expressed admiration, her heart was too full of sympathy for the unhappy wreck before her, to attach any importance to his words. She simply said:

"I am glad you have taken a fancy to me, for I hope to be useful to you, *mon prince*. I can tell tales to you as well as read them, and when you get tired of the wonders of the Arabian Nights, I can repeat to you the history of a remarkable personage who came on earth eighteen hundred years ago to preach love, forbearance and good will toward men. Who gave us the assurance of the life to come after this, in which the sins and infirmities of earth shall be removed from us."

Louis listened with half awakened interest; he suddenly inquired:

"In that new world shall I get rid of these helpless limbs of mine, and be able to walk as other people do? Ah! that would be fine."

"Yes, there your spiritual body shall be without spot or blemish—beautiful and active, and your mind will resume the highest functions bestowed upon it at its creation, though accident may have dulled it while in its earthly tenement."

The speaker had scarcely expected him to understand her, but he evidently did, and he aroused himself from the lethargy that had been creeping over him to inquire:

"Why has not some one told me of this before. It is much for a poor creature like me to look forward to a transfiguration like that. It might make one willing to give up this life, but not to have my head cut off! No! no! I have seen that. The king, my father, the queen, my poor mother, lost theirs, but I must keep mine. Oh—h!—h!—that vision of blood comes again to blast my sight."

He fell back, and again the convulsions distorted his poor face, and large drops of perspiration burst out upon his brow.

Adrienne hastened to bathe it with cold water, and Louis in a few moments recovered his usual expression of dull serenity. Fearful of arousing the terrible memories which had evidently left their indelible traces upon his mind, feeble as it was, the young girl at once commenced her task of reading aloud.

The prince closed his eyes, and remained perfectly quiescent, only occasionally making some faint sign that he was still awake and listening. The light from the window in the roof began to fail, and the reader paused with the intention of lighting the wax candles which Eady had placed upon the table before leaving the room, but Louis arrested her, and said:

"I like the twilight, and I shall like to hear you talk. Tell me about that wonderful personage of whom you spoke just now. Was he a man? and where did he come from? and where has he gone to? I am sure we need him as much now, as the people did among whom he lived."

"That is true, for we cannot live as we should without him; but he left his teachings to us when he went up to Heaven; they are found in the same book that tells of his life and death."

"Where is this book? Why has not my lord chamberlain told us of this thing before? It has been very remiss in him not to do so, when we need it so sorely too."

"Let me supply that need, my prince, and do not reproach my grandfather with his negligence. People who live in the world, are often indifferent to this wonderful revelation; but to the weak, the suffering, and the oppressed, it is a consolation and a hope."

"Then give it to me, *la comtesse*, for I am suffering, I am weak, though the royal blood of France is my heritage. I know very well what I should have been, though my brain is shattered and my body helpless and deformed. When I sit here alone, I have glimpses of former days; I remember as a dream, the stately palace in which my infancy was passed; the rush of the people that came against it—the proud bearing of my mother, though she was pale as marble. I can also recall the awful scene at Versailles when she carried her children upon the balcony as a protection against the mob that raged for her life; and the journey back to Paris amid all those terrible people, comes before me. Oh! *that* was the first blow to me—something in my childish brain gave way then, and it has never been exactly right since."

Louis sat erect, his eyes grew brighter, and a new life seemed to be breathed into his languid frame by the sympathy and companionship of one near his own age. Gradually Adrienne succeeded in lulling the painful memories that surged out of the melancholy past of this victim to man's inhumanity. She returned to the subject on which she had first spoken; and with simple words, and soft intonation, related the incidents of the Saviour's life to her attentive listener. When she had finished, Louis said:

"It is beautiful, and it seems to me that I have been taught the same things before all the dreadful troubles that came upon us. You must tell me about the Good Man every day, *la comtesse*."

Adrienne readily promised to do so; and wearied by this time with the unwonted efforts at reflection which he had made, Louis sunk back like a child, and almost immediately fell asleep.

Fearful of arousing him, the young girl sat perfectly still in the gathering twilight, watching the faint flickering of the smoldering fire upon the hearth as it flashed up into a blaze at intervals, and then quickly died out, leaving the shadows in the room deeper than before.

It was a strange scene; the lonely room with its rich furniture and royal trappings; the pale slumbering prince, robed in purple and fine linen, and the fair young girl, seated on a tabouret at his feet, dressed in the style of a past generation which so well became her, as she sat with her hands clasped over each other, thinking of the singular developments of the past hours, and wondering what strange thing would next happen in this mysterious old house.

A large mirror occupied the space over the mantel, and in this was reflected the heavy folds of drapery that concealed a long narrow recess, from which opened a dormer window. Suddenly the curtain was lifted, and from the setting sun a stream of light flowed into the apartment. Startled from her reverie, Adrienne looked up, and sat as one spell bound; within the mirror she saw distinctly reflected a tall figure clothed in a loose white robe, with wide hanging sleeves, which fell from her throat to her feet. Her face was coloress as that of the dead, and floating around it was a halo of silvery hair. Over her whole person was thrown a filmy vail, which looked as airy and transparent as the wreaths of mist that float away before the morning sunshine.

A single glance thrilled the frame of the beholder with shuddering awe, for she at once recognized the White Terror which had appeared in her room on the previous night. Yet Adrienne could not believe it to be a supernatural appearance, and she started up with the purpose of rushing toward it, and testing its reality by grasping the form with her own hands.

Swift as her motions were, when she turned twilight again reigned throughout the room, and the curtain hung in motionless folds in front of the window. With rapid steps, Adrienne approached it, and with trembling hands lifted the drapery that shrouded the recess. There was only the empty space within; the fading sunset shed its parting beams upon the whitewashed walls, and Adrienne passed her hands over them hoping to discover the means of egress found by the form which had undoubtedly so lately stood there. She then tried the window which opened nearly to the floor, but found that securely fastened.

She discovered nothing which could explain this second appearance of the phantom bride, and with a heart that trembled with fear, in spite of her efforts to recover her usual equanimity, Adrienne returned to her seat to reflect on the course it would be best for her to adopt. She tried to nerve her courage anew, but her heart sunk within her at the thought that she must pass the night in the loneliness of her chamber, in a house evidently haunted by the unquiet spirit of its former mistress.

The prince slept on; she sat more than an hour with her eyes fixed immovably upon the mirror, hoping yet fearing that the strange vision would again appear; but it did not. With ears sharpened by terror to preternatural acuteness, Adrienne listened for some sound which might betray the vicinity of the pallid bride, but nothing was audible save the heavy breathing of the unconscious sleeper; and after a long struggle with the creeping terror that chilled her to the heart, she summoned courage to rise and grasp the bell-handle.

She stood in a state of tremulous agitation, waiting the appearance of Pierre; and to her excited fancy it seemed an age before she heard his lumbering steps stumbling drowsily up the stairs, and through the outer room. He came in half asleep, but even his dull perceptions were struck with the pallor and the expression of affright upon the face of Adrienne. He said:

"Hi! young mistis, you look as ef de scare o' stayin' in dis ole haunted place have come 'pon you to-night. Whatever have made you look so white, an' wild, I wonder?"

Adrienne steadied her voice as well as she could, and replied:

"I am tired and worn out, that is all, Pierre. Will my grandfather come to aid you to-night in your attendance here?"

"Oh, yes, ma'm'selle. I ring de bell what 'municates wid his room as I come through de hall, an' he'll come 'd'rectly. You'd better go, mebbe, befo' de marster comes. I'll hold de canule for you."

CHAPTER XIV.

Not caring to encounter M. Lecour in the state of excitement in which she then was, Adrienne gladly accepted his offer, and after lighting the candles which stood ready for use, Pierre convoyed her safely through the next room to the head of the staircase.

A light had been placed in the lower hall, but she found herself too late to evade her grandfather. She encountered him, looking stern and gloomy as Bluebeard himself, when the secret of the mysterious chamber had been fathomed by his wife, and he abruptly asked:

"How is it that the prince has remained awake so much beyond his usual hour? Has your silly prattle kept him from sleeping? This must not occur again, for any change in the regularity of his habits may be injurious to him."

"Pardon me, *mon Père*, the prince has been sleeping more than an hour, but I sat thinking over the strange position in which I find myself placed, and forgot to ring the bell. I promise you it shall not occur again."

While she was speaking, M. Lecour regarded her with stern significance. He stopped, and slowly said:

"Your face is as a mirror which reflects what is passing within you. What have you seen that could produce that expression of fixed terror upon your features? Speak, I demand the truth? What has so alarmed you, that you are trembling now in every limb?"

Adrienne approached quite near to him, and said, in an impressive whisper:

"I have seen the White Terror."

If a thunderbolt had suddenly burst at his feet, M. Lecour could not have manifested more alarm. He staggered back, sat down upon a chair, which fortunately happened to be near him, and gazed at her with an expression of incredulous horror. At length he slowly said:

"*She has really come back, then*, for another beside myself has seen her. I have fancied that her apparition was a hallucination of my own mind, produced by the drug I habitually use, for Eady never could see her. Are you *sure*, child, that you were not dreaming?"

"No, no, I was quite awake, and I know that I saw the veiled figure standing in the recess of the window."

"How? Did you raise the curtain to let in more light?"

"No—it was lifted, I do not know how, and the White Terror stood clearly revealed by the fading light of day."

"And the prince? Did he, too, see her?"

"He was sleeping soundly. I examined the recess immediately, but I found it empty, and there was no means of egress except by passing through the room in which I was."

M. Lecour seemed greatly disturbed. He finally spoke in a deep, hollow voice:

"Then this visitation is real, and no vision, conjured up by my own phantasies, as I have tried to believe. Oh! it is an awful wrong which enables the dead to come back from the realms of Pluto, and torment him who inflicted it. I tortured her, and she in her turn comes back to torture me. I have doubted the affinity of blood between us, Adrienne. I have fancied that some exchange was made while you were yet in the cradle; but this fellowship in suffering proves to me that you are really my descendant. If it had been otherwise, this vision, which is invisible to my servants, would not have appeared to you. Oh, child! child! the curse of my guilt is upon you."

His stern face worked with emotions he rarely permitted to gain the mastery, and the young girl stood mutely before him, the elasticity of her nature seemingly crushed by this blow, and her locked lips refusing to utter comfort or consolation, though if she had attempted to do so, in all probability they would have been repelled with scorn by the hard and fitful nature with which she had to deal.

After this unusual burst of remorse, M. Lecour recovered himself. He wiped the beaded moisture from his brow, regained his usual callous composure, and coldly said:

"Go to your room, child, and say over every prayer you have ever learned, as a protection from demonology, for demons certainly have sway in this house. I thought their antics were confined to my own apartment, but it seems they have also fastened on you as a victim. Steel your soul against fear if you can do so, and defy them; that will be your only protection."

He arose, resumed his usual manner, and hastily brushed past her as he ascended the staircase.

Completely unnerved by what had occurred, Adrienne slowly turned toward the corridor that led to her own tower. She suddenly came on Eady, who had evidently been listening to the conversation between herself and M. Lecour. She, too, looked frightened and excited, and she spoke in a flurried manner.

"I was waitin for you, young mistis, to come down, dat I may help you off wi' your dress. You aint seen nothin' to scare you in de room up yonder, I hopes."

Adrienne abruptly replied:

"Yes, I have. I have seen the same figure that came into my room last night, and I conjure you, Eady, if you can explain the mystery of her appearance, that you will do so. I begin to doubt the evidence of my own senses, for I *will* not believe in supernatural appearances."

"But ef dey *does* come, young mistis, an' your own eyes sees 'em, what den?" asked the old woman, with a singular gleam of satisfaction in her eyes. "Dis is a mighty strange worl' we lives in, an' I don't pertend to 'count for half what goes on in it."

"And do you really believe that the departed wife of M. Lecour is permitted to come back to earth to make wretched the life of a helpless creature like me?" passionately asked Adrienne. "What injury have I ever inflicted on her, that she should make my existence in this place a burden to me?"

"You are *his* child," said Eady, solemnly, "an' de good book says 'de sins o' de fathers shall be visited on de children.' I's sorry 'tis so, young mistis, but de great Judge knows better'n us poor creeturs," and the speaker crossed her hands devoutly, and rolled up her eyes in a very effective manner.

In the state of mental excitement in which she then was, the idea thus presented to Adrienne was the most terrible that could have been placed before her. She became even paler than before, and sunk down quite overwhelmed, as she murmured:

"My grandfather spoke the truth; the ancestral curse is upon me; it will blight and ruin my whole future; I dare not dream of hope, happiness or love, for the expiation due for another's evil deeds must also be required of me, his descendant. Oh, Eady, this is indeed terrible."

"Yes, it's very terrible," repeated the negress, in a monotonous tone, like one who had learned her lesson beforehand, and was resolute not to depart from her predetermined course of action. She went on:

"Young mistis, you aint in no state to be lef' by yerself, but I ain't got de time to stay wi' you. Please let me help you take off dem fineries, dat I may go down to fix de marster's supper. He'll be tearin' mad ef 'taint ready at de usual time."

With a dreary shudder, Adrienne looked around the room, and asked:

"Must I stay here all alone to-night, and every night? It is dreadful to think of, for I have invaded the ghost's room, taken possession of her wardrobe, and she will probably return here again as she did last night. Can you not let me go into one of the chambers on your side of the house? I could sleep there without the knowledge of M. Lecour."

Eady shook her head.

"Not for nothin' would I dar' to let you do sich a thing. *He'd* find it out to onct, an' den you an' I mought bofe go to kingdom come, in de white rage he'd get inter. In dat state o' his mine, he'd jes' as soon murder us as look at us. Hi! chile, you don' begin to know half de deviltries dat ole man is up to, when he gets in one o' his onreasonable passions. I's seen him in 'em, an' *I* knows what he can do."

While Eady was speaking thus, she was busily engaged in assisting her young lady to disrobe herself; finding the trembling fingers of Adrienne incapable of performing any service for herself, the old woman took down the elaborate structure of her hair before leaving her. With a promise to return with a cup of tea before she retired for the night, she finally left the frightened girl alone.

Adrienne listened, with an inward shudder, to the departing steps of the negress, and thought of the dreary nights in which she must lie upon that solitary couch, and fancy in every flickering shadow the presence of the White Terror in her room.

The question arose in her mind, was she awake in the previous night when the phantom bride appeared in her apartment? was it merely a vivid dream or a weird reality? She must have possessed at least semi-consciousness of what was passing around her, for the experience of M. Lecour had confirmed her own, and now this awful shape had again appeared to her, as if to confirm her belief in the incidents of that terrible night.

The education of Adrienne had not fitted her mind to contend successfully against superstitious fears, for she had been taught that miracles are yet of frequent occurrence, and that the spirits of the unquiet dead might, for certain ends, be permitted to leave the realm of shadows, and present themselves as tangible shapes to those who had injured or oppressed them while on earth. Wiser people than herself, admitted that such things were possible, why, then, should she doubt the reality of that vision which her own eyes had twice beheld?

Her nervous system had received a shock which prevented her from reasoning correctly; she was very young, extremely sensitive to new impressions, and she suffered with an intensity proportioned to her organization. She sat cowering in her chair, afraid to look around the room, lest the phantom shape should again blast her vision, and the grating of the branches against the windows filled her with nameless terrors.

Eady at length came in and broke the wretched spell that thralled her senses. She thankfully accepted the tea, which, for a wonder, the old woman presented in silence. As she was preparing to go out, she said:

"I don' know what am a goin' to happen nex', for de marster axed arter you, an' tell'd me to say dat he wants you to come to his room afore you go to bed. You'd better fix up your ha'r a little, for it looks kind o' wild, an' you is as white as a ghose yourself."

Adrienne aroused herself at this summons. She felt glad of it, for she wished to put a few questions to M. Lecour. She summoned all her courage to her aid, and prepared to obey his commands. She wound her long hair around her head, and wrapping a large shawl over her dressing-robe, proceeded at once to his room.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

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THE intention of a sin betrays itself by a superfluous caution.

SAD BUT SO.

BY WILLIAM H. MORRIS.

To win the smiles of her he sought,
The errant knight of yore,
Upon his helm his lady's scarf
To deeds of daring bore.
Though love was glowing in his heart,
Her hand he could not claim
Till valor on the battle field
Had earned the wreath of fame.

Then sighed the gentle troubadour,
Who tuned his lute to prove
The passion that consumed his breast,
For his fair ladye love;
Who sang his plaintive melodies
With words of winning tone,
Until the heart of her he loved
Beat warmly as his own.

The courtier, author, orator,
Have gained the world's applause,
By advocating fearlessly
Some patriotic cause.
The scintillations of their wit,
Made lowly people stare,
Won admiration from the great
And favor with the fair.

Alas! how changed the ways and means
That now achieve success—
The *beau*, to captivate the *belle*,
Expensively must dress;
His father may have borne a hod
Or labored in a ditch—
She cares not, if some confidant
But hint, *he's very rich.*

THE IMPRESSED YANKEES.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

In 1814, Commodore Sir Thomas Hardy, commanding the British squadron which was blockading the New England coast, sent word home to England, in one of his reports, that the schooner *Adder* had been cast away on the coast of Maine, by running upon the rocks in a dense fog, and that a number of her crew were drowned.

The report of Sir Thomas was probably true, "to the best of his knowledge;" but there were some little particulars connected with the loss of that schooner which the Commodore may not have understood. However, be that as it may, these particulars were known to certrin stout Yankee fishermen; and as I had them from the son of one of the actors, so will I give them to the reader.

One bright morning in July, 1814, a small Yankee fishing smack was being hauled out from one of the coves on the eastern shore of Manhegan Island. Her commander and owner was a stout, hard-fisted Yankee, named Jedediah Robinson; and his crew consisted of three beside himself. There was his son Samuel, a tall, spanking lad of eighteen; and his son Ezekiel, a promising boy of sixteen. The fourth man of the crew was called "Old Robinson." He was Jedediah's father, and was a hale, hearty patriarch of sixty. As soon as the smack had been hauled out from behind the headland, her kedge was taken aboard, and her sails given to the light breeze that came in from the ocean. Jedediah wished to catch some fish to carry into Portland, where he not only expected to find a ready market, but where he also expected to obtain a good return in money.

"Hellow!"

"What's the matter?"

It was Zeke who had said "hellow;" and his father had asked, what was the matter. Zeke was forward, and his father had the helm.

"Look o' thar!"

"Look where?"

"Jes' look at that ere chap."

"Fire an' brimstone!" exclaimed Jedediah; "it's a British cruiser, as sure as the world! She's got guns, or I'm a sinner!"

Sure enough, it was a British cruiser, though not a very large one. It was a schooner, carrying four guns, with the English flag at her peak, and a squad of men at her bows. However, a British frigate, or even a ship of the line, would not have been more unwelcome; for the fishermen could have resisted the one as easily as the other.

The smack had started out with the wind a little forward of the larboard beam, and the schooner was coming down across her bows.

"Prehaps," said Jedediah, "she won't trouble us."

But the words were no sooner out of his mouth than *bang* went a gun from the schooner's bows, and a round shot ploughed up the water under the stern of the smack.

"Everlastin' Salvation!" ejaculated Old Robinson, trembling with dread alarm.

"Don't be afeared," said Sam. "We'll heave-to, and see what the crittur wants."

The smack was brought up to the wind, and in a little while the Englishman lowered a boat, which came alongside with a lieutenant and six men. The officer, and four of his companions, armed to the teeth, leaped on board, and demanded to know who was captain of the smack.

"I be," said Jedediah.

"You are a fisherman?"

"Yaas."

"Well—we want some."

"Fish?"

"Yes."

"Haint got a fish, sir. We was jest a goin' aont to ketch some."

"Egzactly," intruded Sam. "Ef you'll come this way, say abaout termorrer, mebbe we'll hev some for ye."

"I think I can do better," said the Englishman, with a twinkle in his eye. "There's one thing we need more than we do fish. We want men. You seem to have a large crew for such a craft as this; and I guess you'll have to divide with me."

"Don't say that, mister."

"I do say it; and so it must be. I must have two of you. I'll let the smack keep the oldest and the youngest, and I'll take the others."

"No, no," cried Jedediah; "don't do that. This ere old man is my father, and these are my boys. Don't separate us."

"You two I must have," said the officer, indicating Jedediah and Samuel with his finger. "You can go with me quietly, or you can go as we shall take you."

Sam edged up to his father's side, and whispered in his ear:

"Dad, can't ye see a hole through a ladder?"

"Eh?"

"Can't ye see a hole through a ladder? He's bound to take us, an' we've got to go. Let's go quietly, and pertend to like it. Don't ye take?"

Jedediah comprehended; and, more still, he saw the force of his son's remark.

"Wal," he said, turning to the officer, "ef you take us, you'll pay us?"

"Certainly."

"An' you'll treat us well?"

"If you behave yourselves, certainly."

"We don't want to go a bit; but we'd ruther go decently than be lugged off like sheep. Fishin' don't pay nothin' extra, an' I s'pose father an' Zeke ken ketch enough tew find the folks in vittles."

"All right," responded the Englishman. "Take what traps you want, and come along."

When they went below Jedediah found an opportunity to whisper to his father, and he bade him keep up a good heart, and wait for the result.

"It may be," he said, "'at they'll keep us some time; but I rayther reckon as heow't they won't have us so long as they think for."

"Don't do nothin' rash, Jed."

"Let Sam an' me alone for that."

In a little while Jedediah and Samuel were ready to go; and though it gave them a pang to part with the old man and Ezekiel, yet they bore it like heroes. They bore it better than did those who were left behind.

Our Yankees found the schooner to be a snug, clean craft, with four brass guns, and twenty men. Her full complement of men was thirty; but from a scarcity of seamen in the blockading fleet, she had been forced to sail short-handed. The lieutenant who had boarded the smack was the commander, and he had for under officers two midshipmen and a boatswain. It was not thought proper to put the two new men into the same watch, so Jedediah was put into the starboard watch, and Sam into the larboard. Manhegan and the smack were soon out of sight, and Sam went at work like an old sailor, seeming desirous of showing that he meant to do his duty.

"I declar' for it," said Sam, addressing his father on the following morning, "I rayther like this. It's enough sight better than ketchin' fish, ain't it?"

"Sartin it is," replied Jedediah.

Sam pretended that he did not see the commander standing close behind them, though he had been careful that his words should be loud enough to reach that individual's ears.

On the second day our heroes discovered that the schooner was, for awhile, to stand near by the mouth of the Kennebec, to intercept any Yankee traders that might attempt to pass in or out, as it was known that a good many quite respectable vessels were owned in Bath and Hallowell. On the morning of the fourth day the schooner was enveloped in a dense fog, and by noon there was a drizzling rain. There was but little wind, and the vessel's head was kept well seaward, so that she might not run ashore. In the afternoon father and son met in the gangway.

"Say, dad, this ere fog'll be likely to hold on some time."

"Yes," replied Jedediah. "I shouldn't wonder ef it kept thick all night."

"Ef it does," said Sam, in a low, impressive whisper, "this ere schewner may run onto the rocks."

"Eh, Sam—what d'ye mean?"

"Never mind now, dad. I've got an idee, but I don't know as I'll make it work. Haowsumever, yeou'd better stand by. It'll be yeour fust watch below. Look out an' don't go to sleep. Come up in an hour arter yeour watch turns in, an' ef I'm at the helm, jest keep yer eye peeled. Ye needn't look for anything, though, till I'm relieved."

Jedediah was very anxious to know what was coming, but Sam couldn't stop to explain. He said they'd better not be seen together.

The fog and drizzle continued through the day, and when the first watch was set at night, they seemed to be enveloped in a veil of ink. By dint of a little management Sam got the helm at ten o'clock. There was a slight breeze from the eastward, and he had directions to keep the schooner's head south-east, which of course brought her very near to the wind on the larboard tack. The commander was below, and one of the midshipmen was officer of the watch, and said midshipman, as was his custom in such weather, had stowed himself away beneath a tarpaulin. There was one man stationed at the taffrail, and the rest were on the look-out forward.

Sam had been at the helm not more than ten minutes before he had an opportunity to commence operations. He was alone, and no one was observing him. To open the binnacle was a simple matter, and to unscrew the glass cap from the compass was also simple, though it took him some little time to do it, but he got it off at length, and then took out the card, and, with his pocket-knife, loosened the magnetic needle so that he could turn it from its place. When this was done he just *reversed the needle*, that is, he put the south-pole under that point on the card marked *North.* Then he set the card back upon its pivot, put on the glass top, and closed the binnacle. The compass looked as honest as could be, and the card trembled upon its point as freely as ever, but instead of showing the schooner to be sailing south-east, it indicated that she was going in exactly the opposite direction. Sam gradually put the helm up, keeping her off until the wind was fairly astern; then he eased it a little, but still keeping her moving around, until finally the wind took the mainsail upon the other side, sending the boom over by the run.

"Hellow!" our hero shouted, at the top of his voice. "Hellow here, Mr. Midshipman! The wind's all chopped up! Glory to gracious! what shall I dew?"

The officer of the deck crawled out from his nest, and hurried to the binnacle.

"What ye up to, ye lubber?"

"Good gracious, ye'd better ax what's the wind up to," returned Sam. "This is one o' them reg'lar Seguin twisters. By golly, it whopped around like chain lightnin'!"

Sam had turned the schooner's head just to the opposite point from the one on which she had been before standing, so that, by the altered compass, she still appeared to be sailing upon her old course. She seemed to be sailing south-east, whereas she was, in fact, going directly north-west.

The commander was called up, and of course he imagined that the wind had suddenly chopped around.

"I guess," said he, after he had considered the matter, "that we'll stand on as we are till morning, and then we'll reckon the log, and work our way back again. In such a fog as this our present course is the safest."

After the mid-watch had been set, Sam met his father in the gangway again.

"Dad, have ye kept any sort o' reckonin' since this ere fog come?"

"Yas."

"An' whar should ye think we was whan the wind gin that onaccountable turn?"

"We was about twenty miles southeast o' Seguin. We didn't make much headway on the wind."

"But we're makin' a good headway now?"

"Yaas—we're runnin' off five or six knots."

"Then we'll be ashore afore this fog's gone."

"Eh?"

"We'll be ashore afore the sun's up."

"Sam?"

"It's jest so, dad, and yeou've got to stand by for a jump."

And thereupon, in a very low whisper, Sam told his father what he had done.

"Everlastin' salvation! Yeou don't say so!"

"Sartin as preachin'."

"Glory!"

—sh! Be quiet, dad, an' keep yer eye peeled. Have a hammock ready to take with ye when ye jump over. Easy—here comes somebody."

At four o'clock the last watch was called.

At half-past four the look-out at the bows discovered something.

"*Breakers ahead!*"

At that moment two men, each with a hammock, jumped over the quarter.

In a moment more the schooner struck upon some sunken rocks, and was quickly on her beam-ends.

Before another night our two Yankee fishermen were in Bath, and on the followihg morning a large party went down to the mouth of the river, where they found the schooner sunk among the rocks inside of Seguin. Those of her crew who had escaped with their lives had taken themselves off, and as a fishing-smack, which had been moored about a mile distant, was missing, it was supposed they had taken her and made sail for the Passamaquoddy. At all events, they were never seen again on that coast, and the owner of the missing smack more than made himself whole from the wreck.

THE DISCOVERED WILL.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

It was a night of wind and tempest, with great shrouds of rain sweeping by in fitful gusts, and a heavy canopy of inky cloud and darkness above. Far in the country side groups of giant trees wrestled wildly with the gale—away on trackless seas pilots shuddered at the wheel, and the ragged strands were strewn with shipwrecks innumerable. Verily, the spirits of storm and destruction were abroad on the dark wings of that midnight blast!

Did old Carl Jeffers think of all this, as he sat in that odd little shop of his, the door locked and the wooden shutters barred, and the fire shining redly on his wrinkled forehead? Very likely it may have passed through his mind, for he was a thoughtful, curious sort of genius with an indescribable mixture of philosophy and génial kindness in the warm corner of anatomy which he denominated his heart! And the quaint odds and ends of antique furniture with which his shop (only a little second-hand warehouse) was crowded, seemed to exercise a sobering influence over the currents of his thoughts. There were strange old carved chairs, cushions in dimly gorgeous tapestry, and tables with claw legs, and dusty clocks that wouldn't go, and cracked musical boxes that wouldn't keep still, but were always setting up their shrill tunes at every jar of the floor—and dim pictures and stained engravings, and statuettes without any arms, and gilded stands, without any legs! And in the midst of this weird assemblage, enthroned in a moth-eaten velvet arm-chair, with his feet on a battered drum that had long since beat its last reveille, sat old Carl Jeffers, smoking his twisted amber pipe, and watching the white heat-glitter of the intense fire.

Suddenly he paused a moment, as the wind rattled the pictures on the wall, in an attitude of fixed attention.

"Aye," he muttered, after a brief period of listening, "I knew it could only be the wind, and yet—if I thought it were a human creature in distress——"

He started up, laid his pipe on the mantel, and went to undo the massive bolts and bars of the door, as if determined to settle the mooted point in his mind without farther delay.

The wind and rain rushed in in gusty torrents—the gas-light over the counter flamed and flickered within an inch of total darkness, but Carl Jeffers' eyesight was keen enough, nevertheless, to discern a solitary figure crouched upon his door-step. As the white, bewildered face turned towards his own with a vague, blank stare, he recognized it, crying out:

"By all the powers! if it is not Mr. Charles!"

He bent forward to catch the fainting form in his arms just as the last gleam of consciousness fluttered away from the pallid countenance.

Half an hour afterwards Charles Rivers came slowly to his senses in Carl Jeffers' crimson velvet chair, wrapped in Carl Jeffers' quilted dressing-gown, and thoroughly warmed through by the glow of Carl Jeffers' piled-up grate, with the old man's countenance bending over him with all a woman's earnest tenderness!

"Where am I?" stammered the young stranger, looking around him in total bewilderment. "Ah, I remember now—I remember sinking down at your door, Carl, and thinking that the bitterness of death was upon me—and then came your kind old face like a flash before my eyes, and I fainted!"

Carl Jeffers energetically poked the fire, and rubbed his spectacles, exceeding curious to know what combination of circumstances had led to this strange crisis, and equally unwilling, in his rough, untaught sense of delicacy, to ask any questions.

"To think how matters have changed!" he exclaimed, "since you and your cousin, Mr. Wilde Melbourne, used to come here to the old curiosity-shop, as you called it. And your uncle is dead—and all his property left to Mr. Wilde, instead of you—and things scattered here and there. Why, I've some of your uncle's old furniture in this very room, Mr. Charles—look at that desk and the carved dressing-table yonder!"

Charles Rivers brought down his clenched fist on the stand beside him with a force that made Carl start and pause in his incoherent sentences.

"Yes," he said, sternly, "it was unexpected enough, that will of my uncle's. *I* was always the old man's favorite, but if his money had been left to me, as every one believed it would be, I should have shared it, cent for cent, with Wilde. I would have divided my heart's best blood with him!"

"To be sure you would, Mr. Charles," said the old man, sympathetically. "But surely he does not know that you are in want, or he would share his wealth with you?"

"A needless question to ask, Jeffers," said the young wanderer, glancing sadly down on his drenched and worn garments. "I was freezing and starving to-night, and I went to his palace to ask food and shelter. Mind, it was only temporary aid I wished—not for worlds would I have accepted any other from his grudging hand. Well, he refused it—he spurned me from his door!"

Carl Jeffers stood looking at his guest in blank, incredulous dismay.

"Yes—he repulsed me, for the first and last time. He warned me against returning to besiege him with my tedious tales of want; but he need not have been afraid!"

"But Mr. Charles, surely the beautiful young lady who used to be so fond of you——"

"Fond of my golden expectations you mean, Carl," said the young man, bitterly. "Yes, it roused me from very many of my foolish dreams, when she married Wilde Melbourne, with *my* betrothal ring yet on her finger. O! the faithlessness of woman!"

"Did you see her to-night?"

"No," said Rivers, in a gentler tone. "I do not think *she* would have turned so coldly from my pleadings, were it only for the sake of common humanity. But I am glad she did not appear. O, Carl, it would have killed me to look upon *her* changed face. There is no use, trying to disguise the fact—I love her even now better than my life!"

"Well," said Jeffers, shrugging his shoulders, "this love is a curious sort of business, and the more I see and hear of it, the less I understand it! There's one indisputable fact, however, Mr. Charles: we old bachelors are best off in the long run!"

"It may be so," said Rivers, dejectedly.

"And you won't consider it an impertinent question from an old friend like me, Mr. Charles—what do you propose to do now?"

"Something—anything to earn an honest livelihood, I suppose," he said, smiling faintly. "Since my fortune has not come to me, I must go and seek my fortune, Carl!"

"A brave resolve," exclaimed the old man. "And now, Mr. Charles, if you won't mind keeping an eye on the fire, I'll just run down the street and get a bottle of wine, and something for us both to eat."

And the kindly soul had rushed out into the driving rain and howling tempest before his guest could stop him.

Charles Rivers sat awhile, moodily watching the glowing embers, and then rose and began pacing up and down the narrow room. At length he paused before the elaborately carved secretary-desk, which, with other old-fashioned furniture, had been swept into the auction whirlpools when Wilde Melbourne took possession of his uncle's hoarded wealth. He opened and shut the drawers, lifted up the heavy top, and looked thoughtfully at its dark panels.

"How often those carved lion's heads used to frighten me, as a timid nervous child," he murmured to himself. "We always used to fancy, I remember, that there must be some secret drawer about the clumsy old thing, but we never could discover its whereabouts."

He half smiled, and bent to examine the heavy carving. As he closed the desk, a bit of ornamentation—a gilded piece of wood in the shape of a glittering leaf, slipped from its place, and fell to the ground.

"How careless I am!" was the young man's annoyed reflection, as he endeavored to re-adjust it. "Why, what prevents this from being secured readily on?"

A jagged splinter of wood seemed to have become loosened at the joint. Charles Rivers pressed it down with his finger, in order to replace the detached piece of gilded carving, and, in a second, a tiny drawer sprang open, as if by magic—a rude piece of carpentry-cunning, yet one which had for years withstood the keenest scrutiny imposed by those most deeply interested. It was very small; in fact, so small that it contained only two or three crumpled bits of waste paper and one folded document—a duly signed and witnessed will, executed by one Obadiah Rivers, and dated just a month later than the legal instrument, by virtue of which Wilde Melbourne had formally taken possession of the vast family estates!

Charles Rivers stood gazing at the wonderful talisman within his hand, with dilated eyes and whirling brain, almost persuaded that he was the veitim of some wild, improbable delusion. Then as certainty slowly impressed itself upon his brain, the first idea was one of mad, unreasoning revenge. The imposter Wilde should be driven from his false position—he in turn should be compelled to taste the bitter cup of destitution and want. And with the exultation of a conqueror, Rivers rushed into the outer air, the cold wind tossing his hair about, and the chill rain sweeping against his fevered brow. No—he could not wait for the morrow's sun to work his deed of ruin and destruction.

Suddenly the remembrance of Wilde Melbourne's sweet young wife, in all her gentle loveliness, came across his troubled spirit, and he paused abruptly. Had he not declared scarce an hour ago, that he would even then lay down his life for her, false as she had proved?

For a moment Revenge and Magnanimity waged a fierce hand-to-hand strife in his heart—then he turned back, deadly pale, but resolved to carry the secret with him to his grave.

"Good-bye, Carl," he said cheerfully the next morning. "You have indeed been a good Samaritan to me, and Heaven will reward you in its own time."

All the peaceful morning-tide, the crimson waves of battle had rolled over the blue Virginian glens, and sunrise, wrapped in gold and purple robes, looked across the pine-fringed hills in solemn splendor. The gory field was strewn with the dead and dying, but apart from all the rest, where a clear rivulet gushed from the roots of a bending oak, and sheltering hedges of sweet wild roses sprinkled their pink showers over the velvet moss below, lay Wilde Melbourne, with closed eyes, and white, fixed lips. From a deep, deep wound in his breast, the life was slowly oozing away in crimson drops, and the mists of death floated around his brain so that he never knew whose hand it was that had checked his frightened horse in mid-career, and borne him away from the battle-field to this peaceful spot—never knew that Charles Rivers' touch had bathed the blood away from that frightful gash and held cold, clear water to his parched lips, until they no more needed any draught from earthly spring. And not until the tight clasp of his hand on Rivers' wrist had relaxed in the dull rigidity of death, did the other pause to think of the gunshot wound that was bleeding away his own life.

"How is it, Captain?" asked a rough fellow who had been supporting the dead man's head, and who now laid it gently down on the moss, to watch the gray shadows stealing over Rivers' forehead.

"All over with me, I'm afraid, my good fellow," returned the young man, trying to smile in spite of all the lightning-like pains that darted through his frame.

"Too bad, Captain!" exclaimed the other springing to his side. "If you had only remained where you were. The scoundrel's ball hit you just as you were carrying that dying man off the field. What was the use of caring for *him*?"

"Much," returned Rivers, with a strangely sweet smile. "Raise my head a little, Wayland—there—and bring me a few drops of water from yonder stream. Is it not written in the Book of Life, 'Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven!'"

The rude soldier held the crystal draught to his officer's lips with a thrill of awe in his breast, and a dimness before his eyes which he had never before experienced.

"And now, Wayland," said the dying man, "I have but one favor to ask. Take this folded piece of paper; see, I have sealed and secured it—and deliver it, according to the direction, if ever you live to see home again. Will you promise me—thus—with your hand upon my heart—to do my bidding?"

"I will, Captain, so help me Heaven!" said the rough private in a voice husky and suppressed with emotion.

And so the brave young soldier died! And the sweet night dews and starlight distilled their holy influence over the grassy biers where Charles Rivers and Wilde Melbourne were lying side by side as they had often lain in boyhood—and Alice Melbourne never knew how truly and tenderly she had been treasured in the heart of her earliest lover, until the sealed up will was placed in her hands, on the very day that brought the dreadful tidings of her widowhood, on the field of battle.

To yield to the passions is to give up the struggle, and to acknowledge ourselves beaten; but to contend to the last is to earn the reward of the faithful.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

That nation cannot be free that is bought with its own consent and sold against it; where the rogue in rags is kept in countenance by the rogue in ruffles; and where, from high to low, there is nothing radical but corruption, and nothing is held contemptible but poverty.

Bad money cannot circulate through the veins and arteries of trade. It is a great pity that bad blood can circulate through the veins and arteries of the human frame.

A sick man taking drugs to escape death is often like a person under the influence of night-mare; he finds himself nearing the dreaded object by his very struggles to escape from it.

A law overcharged with severity, like a blunderbuss known to be overloaded with powder, will be pretty sure to grow rusty by disuse.

In the statement of truth, clearness is intimately connected with conciseness, as the lightning, which is the brightest thing, is also the briefest.

Pleasant and cool upon the souls of the scholars of the present age, lie the shadows of the trees under which Plato taught.

The domestic affections can no more bloom in the hardened race-course of politics than flowers can flourish in the paved streets.

The disconsolate lover writes letters with his own blood. He wades into the brook to be bitten by leeches, and uses his feet as inkstands.

The stream of your life is not in all things like an ordinary stream; you can't infer that it is pure because you distinctly see the dirt at the bottom of it.

Half our lives we pass in the shadow of the earth; and sleep, the brother of Death, exacts a third part of our lives.

They say that time is money; and he who owes money generally wants to get as much time for it as possible.

Young folks seem more anxious to conceal their love than their hate—probably because they are more ashamed of it.

The intoxication of anger, like that of the grape, shows us to others, but hides us from ourselves.

October, with his coat of many colors, is the Joseph of the twelve brother-months.

Oftentimes the things that we most wish to forget are the things we most love to remember.

It would generally be a good rule, that, when the child transgresses, we should strike the father.

Enough of human life is wasted in this world to people many larger worlds.

Many who say they have given up would be much mortified at being given up by others.

Second disappointments are most severe, like relapses in sickness.

Persons who usually write their names illegibly never do so on a subscription-list.

Violent friendship sometimes generates enmity, as ice may be made by the chemical action of heat.

A vain simpleton is made a butt by his companions; the sot makes a *butt* of himself.

Poverty is like a panther; look it sternly in the eye, and it will be likely to turn and flee.

Gluttony is as common a vice as drukenness; man sinned in eating before he did in drinking.

If a rattlesnake strikes at and misses you, you had better *re-coil* before he has time to.

Fancies are the flowers of the soul; thoughts are its stars.

At home you probably sleep in one tick; in the woods, in a good many.

When a horse's age is in question, he is generally judged out of his own mouth.

Men seem to get very tall in prosperity, but in hard times they generally find themselves short.

The smallest woman may fill the largest heart.

An active life, like a rapid current, may purify itself by motion.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A loyal woman, living near Springfield, Mo., whose husband was killed, while fighting under General Lyon, at the battle of Wilson's Creek, and whose two sons are now in the U. S. Army, was visited not long since by a squad of rebel foragers, who demanded food of her, which she refused to give them, and when they threatened force, she called in her two daughters and her servants, armed with pistols, shot-guns, and other handy utensils, and told the foragers to leave, which they did. There's nothing like pluck and a good cause.

A company of Texan rebel cavalry, on their way through Arkansas, getting short of provisions, and the inhabitants being unwilling to supply their necessities without compensation, they attempted to take what they could lay their hands on by force, whereupon the farmers and planters began a guerilla warfare upon them, killed between twenty and thirty, and compelled the rest to flee.

A planter and his wife, living in Louisiana, who became estranged from each other soon after their marriage several years ago, but have livd together to save appearances, got into a deadly quarrel a short time since—the husband being intoxicated—and the wife becoming insane with anger, clutched him by the throat and choked him to death.

A couple of boys, of the respective ages of fourteen and seventeen, while hunting in Iowa, came upon a large catamount which, being wounded, attacked them with great fury, but the boys, valiantly standing their ground, killed the savage animal with their knives, at the cost of a few severe scratches, and badly torn clothes.

Among the items of news lately received from Utah, is a report that a couple of Mormons, who had become embroiled in relation to a "wife" claimed by each, at last came to bowie knives, and fought until they were so cut up, and so exhausted by loss of blood, that both fell helpless to the earth, and were carried to their respective homes.

A terrible street fight occurred one night in New Orleans, a short time since, between a party of soldiers and a number of gamblers and citizens, the cause of which nobody could ascertain, unless it was that the persons who engaged in it felt an irresistible desire for a row. Three of the belligerents were killed and seven wounded.

The body of an unknown man, dressed in black broadcloth coat and pantaloons, white vest, white neckcloth, and patent leather boots, was found floating in the East river, opposite Thirty-seventh st., one morning lately, and as there were no valuables in his pockets, it was thought the stranger had been robbed, and then drowned by the robbers.

A poor man who lives in Casey county, Kentucky, has furnished the United States Government with six stalwart sons for the army, each of which is a dead shot; and he has eleven children left. A hundred thousand citizens like that poor Kentuckian would alone render a nation invincible.

A respectable married woman living in Cincinnati, who had long been ill of a painful disease that at times affected her reason, one evening not long since got out of bed, and taking a loaded pistol belonging to her husband, placed it at her ear and blew her brains out.

A drunken sailor, belonging on an English vessel lying at a wharf in the East river, fell overboard one night recently, and the tide being rapidly on the ebb, he was carried out into the stream and drowned, although efforts to rescue him were promptly made.

A respectable-looking old man was detected in picking a lady's pocket, in an omnibus, one day recently; and seeing that he was discovered, he bolted out of the vehicle without regard to the toes of passengers, and succeeded in making his escape.

As a couple of boys, about a dozen years old each, were wrestling on the stoop of a house in Grand street, they fell, and rolling down the steps heels over head, one of them was injured so badly that he died the next day.

A little girl, five years of age, whose parents live in Spring street, was choked to death, at the breakfast table, one morning lately, by a piece of beefsteak sticking in her throat.

A beautiful young girl in Cincinnati, who had been disappointed in a love affair, drowned herself a short time since in the cistern of the house in which she was residing.

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1861.

The Cause of the Enormous and Unparalleled Circulation of the Ledger.—We pay more money for contributions by popular and eminent writers, in order to make a great and good paper, than is paid by any ten other literary papers in the country; and, as a legitimate result, our circulation is larger than the combined circulation of any ten others.

We always stop the Ledger at the expiration of the year, or the time for which it is paid, so that if you wish to continue it, it would be well to renew your subscriptions at least one week before the time expires.

No Travelling Agents.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends to act as such for us, you can put him down as a swindler.

We cannot change the address of a subscriber, unless he gives us his *former*, as well as his present address.

Rejected Manuscripts.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

OUR PROSPECTUS FOR 1862.

Next week we shall publish our Prospectus for 1862. It gives us pleasure to be able to say that all the old and popular contributors to the Ledger will continue to write for it as heretofore. Mr. Everett will continue his "Leisure Hours;" Saxe will contribute his sparkling poems; and Prentice, Morris, Willis, Myers, Cobb, Bennett, Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Sigourney, Fanny Fern, Miss Dupuy, Anna Cora Ritchie, Alice Cary, and all the rest, will furnish their usual quota of poetry, stories, sketches, &c., &c.—the particulars of which will be given in our new Prospectus next week. In the meantime, our friends can get up "clubs" as formerly. The Ledger has always progressed from one point of excellence to another still higher, and we are now making such arrangements as will enable us to make it still better during the ensuing year than it ever yet has been.

Our Only Terms.—Single copies, $2 per annum; two copies, $3; four copies, $6; eight copies, $12. Postmasters and others who get up clubs can afterwards add single copies at $1,50. The party who sends us $12 for a club of eight copies, (all sent at one time,) will be entitled to a copy *free*. Terms invariably in advance. No subscriptions taken for a less period than one year. Canada subscribers must send twenty-six cents in addition to the subscription, to pay the American postage, which is half a cent a copy on every paper. The notes of all specie-paying banks taken at par. When a draft or check can conveniently be sent, it will be preferred, as it will prevent the possibility of the loss of money by mail. ☞ We employ no travelling agents.

OUR OLD WARS.

During the last hundred and sixty-two years we have had nine wars, (without counting Indian wars,) and all of these together make fifty years of warfare. That is to say, during the last century and a half, we have had one year of war to about every two years of peace.

Our first war took place in the reign of William III., and lasted from 1689 to 1697. William III., the champion of Protestant interests, waged a long war with the magnificent and profligate Louis XIV. of France. Could Puritan New England refrain from lending a helping hand? Two considerable expeditions sailed from Boston against the northern French possessions, both of which ended in sad wreck and loss, and brought on New England the curse of depreciated paper money. This war was always styled by the colonists "King William's war."

The next war, known as Queen Anne's war, began in 1702, and ended with the peace of Utrecht in 1713. It was in this war that the great Marlborough won his most brilliant victories. The brave and generous sons of Massachusetts again assailed the French in the North, and wrested from them the province of Nova Scotia, a conquest which the treaty of Utrecht confirmed.

After thirty years of peace, the third war broke out, called King George's war, because it occurred in the reign of George II. It lasted from 1744 to 1748. Once more, Massachusetts, with the aid of six other colonies, sent northward a mighty armament, and conquered the stronghold of Louisburg on the island of Cape Breton, an event that was celebrated in every town, from Boston to Charleston, with bonfires, fireworks, illuminations, barbecues and thanksgivings. The valiant Yankee who commanded was knighted and made a lieutenant-general for his conduct on this occasion. Sir William Pepperrell he was thenceforth called.

Next came the long, fierce war, in which Braddock fell, and Wolfe took Quebec, and all Canada and all India fell under the dominion of Britain, the war conducted by William Pitt. In Europe this war is called the Seven Years' War; but in America, where it lasted more than ten years, we commonly style it the Old French War. It began in 1753, and ended with the peace of Paris, in 1763. Glorious New England, nobly seconded by New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia, bore the brunt of this great contest.

Then came the war of the revolution, which lasted eight years; then the rupture with France in 1798; then the war of 1812; then the war with Mexico; and, last, this war of 1861, in which we are now engaged.

All the old French wars were mainly fought and paid for by New England, and we have the testimony of Gen. Washington himself that his great reliance during the war of the revolution was upon Yankee steadiness and valor. In the war of 1812 and the war with Mexico the Southern States bore their full share; but it was New-England and New York sailors that won the battles on the sea and taught the world that the United States had a navy.

THE OVERCROWDED POOR.

Despite its smiling exterior, terrible social evils fester unchecked in the heart of this great city. Some of them have recently been placed in a strong light by the "New York Sanitary Association," and the revelations of that excellent society may well make the gayest of us shudder as he reads. Disgraceful as the statements are, they cannot be too widely known, for in shaming into the performance of their duty those who are mainly responsible for the state of things described, lies the only chance of amelioration and reform. Monopolies to make the rich richer can be lobbied through the legislature without pause or hindrance—municipal ordinances legalizing public robbery can be rushed through our city councils at a gallop—but the health, the lives, the morals of the indigent are left at the mercy of case-hardened landlords and underletters, who fatten on misfortune, misery and shame. Many of these grinders of the faces of the poor are ward politicians. They nominate and help to elect members of the legislature, aldermen, councilmen and executive officers, while our solid men of character either stand aloof from the strife or enter into it with a lukewarmness and want of unanimity that inevitably lead to defeat. Hence the tenement landlords and under-letters are always sure to have the right men (*for them*) in the right places. No laws that seriously affect their sordid interests are likely to be passed; nor, if passed, would they be executed. The mild acts in relation to tenement houses now on the Statute-book are notoriously a dead letter.

Let us glance briefly at the discoveries of the association. It appears from a statement made at one of its late meetings, that twenty-seven thousand people in this city live in cellars six feet below the sidewalk. In a block in Laurens street, only one hundred and eighty feet long by fifty deep, are huddled *one thousand two hundred and fifty men women and children*. There are other blocks in different parts of the city any one of which contains as many families as would inhabit a continuous row, four miles in length, of dwellings as large as those on Fifth avenue. One tenement house has a population of *one hundred and twenty-six families!* And these abodes of squalid poverty yield princely revenues. Let it not be supposed that the high rents are confined to the aristocratic and the commercial portions of the city. Even two-story rear buildings, let by the room, sometimes yield $2,000 a year—and a six-story tenement house, judiciously rack-rented, will enable the owner to live in Fifth avenue and keep his carriage!

The destruction of bodies and souls consequent upon such a state of things must be left to the imagination. Statistics cannot measure it, nor the misery of the victims.

HOW TO MAKE SELFISH PEOPLE.

The way to spoil a child is to give it all it wants and require nothing in return. The way to make a child grow up to be sensible and unselfish, is to give it little and require of it much. For, it is not what others do for us that benefits us, but what we do for ourselves and others. We know parents whose only study is to *gratify* their children, and this they think is generosity. It is not generosity; it is selfishness. To gratify a child is a keen delight, but to make it do its duty is often troublesome. To let it off a lesson costs only a word; to give it a toy is an affair of a few cents; to say to it some fond and flattering words is no trouble at all. But the moment you begin to enforce a duty, or compel the faithful performance of a task, you encounter difficulties, you have to take trouble, and practice some of the cardinal virtues; you have to be patient, firm and wise. The difference between a good parent and a bad parent is this: a good parent treats his child in the way that will be most beneficial to it when it is grown up; a bad parent thinks only of the child's enjoyment of to-day.

We ought to be more charitable toward selfish people than we are. Selfishness is an exceedingly unpopular vice. But when we consider how many fond and foolish parents spend years in doing nothing but trying to *please* their children, and never exercise their sense of duty, never call their attention to the rights of others, never accustom them to give way to others, or perform services for others, we ought not to wonder that so many persons are wholly devoted to the gratification of self. The limb that is not used becomes weak and soft, and will at length dwindle and wither, but the mighty right arm of the blacksmith still thickens and hardens, the longer he wields the sledge-hammer. Well, it is just so with all the faculties of body and mind.

Who are the generous and public-spirited? Who are the first to rush to the defence of an imperilled country? Who are good and obliging neighbors? Who bestir themselves for the improvement of their village or town? Go back to the early homes of these people, and you will find they were brought up to lighten their parents' load, not make it heavier. They learned self-denial and good sense by being obliged to perform at least as much work as they caused. The boys were hoeing corn, bringing in wood, and hunting the cows, the girls were helping their mothers. In this way, they acquired a certain invaluable *something*, which prevented them from being either very selfish or very foolish. This something we know not how to name, but it is *the* difference between a person of sense and a fool.

OUR NATIONAL CASH ACCOUNT.

How fortunate it is for us that Providence has so ordered matters this season that we have been, still are, and must inevitably continue to be ahead of all other nations in the matter of cash. The one thing that "peoples" *must have* is *food*. Of this vital necessity it so happens that we have a greater overplus this year than we ever had before, while European countries are correspondingly short of it. This of course makes them our customers to vast amounts; and as we take but little of their products in return, they have to pay us enormous sums of money to balance the account. The result is, our country is flooded with specie. Millions upon millions of dollars, in hard cash, are piled up in bank vaults, and golden and silver streams, musical with the chink of coin, penetrate the country far and wide, making glad the hearts of the dwellers therein. "Money makes the mare go," saith the old adage. "The smell of all cash is good," quoth Vespasian. "Money is the life blood of the world," says a great political economist. And we have the money—lots of it—heaps of it. Our national "life blood" is full toned; the "circulation" is free and vigorous; and the whole body politic is fast becoming more healthy than ever.

WASTED BULLETS.

The gallant fellows who have rallied under the Union flag probably do not give themselves the trouble to calculate the chances of being hit or missed by the enemy. Knowing they are right, they go ahead cheerfully, and leave results to Providence. It may, however, be some consolation to their friends at home to learn that only one man is killed or wounded in battle for each one hundred and fifty pounds of balls discharged. This was about the proportion of casualties to ammunition during the war in the Crimea, and it is certainly a very agreeable bit of statistics for the nervous. There are eighteen hundred ounces in 150 lbs. Troy; and, therefore, supposing the above calculation to be reliable, (and averaging the balls at an ounce a piece,) the chances of being hit by a bullet in action would be as 1 to 1799.

But *possibly* cannon-balls are included in the estimate. If so, the chances of escape would be considerably diminished. One thing, however, is certain, viz.: that although "every bullet has its billet," the proportion billeted on things inanimate is encouragingly enormous.

—In our next number we shall publish a beautiful Christmas Story, written expressly for the Ledger, by A. Oakey Hall, Esq., our new District Attorney.

LEISURE HOURS.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

No. Twenty-five.

"THE LAW OFFICERS OF THE CROWN."

In the course of the last summer, two British subjects residing in New York were arrested, on what are candidly admitted by the English press to be reasonable grounds of suspicion of being concerned in treasonable practices, and were confined for a short time in Fort Lafayette. No attempt was made by their friends or the official representatives of their government to procure their release by the writ of *habeas corpus*; but their case being promptly investigated, they were found innocent and discharged, one after seventeen and the other after fifteen days' confinement. It was not known, at the time, to the United States Government that these persons, Patrick and Rahming by name, were British subjects; but this fact, had it been known, could not reasonably have made any difference in their treatment. Foreigners in all countries are, equally with native citizens, subject to the law of the land. Their being foreigners gives them no exemption either from the ordinary operation of the Law, or from any summary process which circumstances may render necessary. If they are harshly and unjustly treated, their governments will naturally make representations in their favor; but no well advised government ever undertook to protect its citizens or subjects in foreign lands against the equal operation of the laws. The only class of foreigners entitled to any privileges, in this respect, are the members of the diplomatic corps (not including, however, consuls as is commonly supposed, for they have no diplomatic privileges); all other persons, whether on shore or afloat, while within the jurisdiction of the country, are amenable to its authority, as they are entitled to its protection;—and in no country on earth does the friendly alien, in addition to equal protection and easy terms of naturalization, share so many of the privileges of the native as in America.

A correspondence has lately taken place between the British Minister at Washington and the United States Secretary of State, on the subject of this arrest and detention of Patrick and Rahming. Having alluded, in very general terms, to the facts of the case, Lord Lyons, writing of course under instructions, says, "it is under these circumstances that *the Law Officers of the Crown* have advised her Majesty's government, that the arbitrary arrests of British subjects are illegal." To this remark Mr. Seward temperately replied, that "This government does not question the learning of the legal advisers of the British Crown or the justice of the deference which Her Majesty pays to them. Nevertheless, the British government will hardly expect that the President will accept their explanations of the Constitution of the United States."

The leading British press (the London "Times" of Nov. 6) in its commentary on this correspondence, among other remarks bearing with undue severity, as it seems to me, on Lord Lyons' portion of it, says, "the case has been argued exceedingly ill on our part, and with much ability on the part of the American government." But the difficulty with Lord Lyons' argument is, that he had no case; and it is quite evident, from the tone and tenor of his brief letter, that he felt that he had none. He obeyed the instructions which had been hastily given on the ill-considered advice of the Law Officers of the Crown, and it is plain that his own good sense did not allow him to go a step further. The truth is, there was nothing to complain of; the two men, though really innocent, were, as the "Times" fairly concedes, arrested on reasonable grounds of suspicion; they were not known at the time to be other than American citizens; they were leniently treated; the unofficial representations of their friends were promptly attended to; their case was investigated, their innocence proved, and they were discharged. Lord Lyons' dispatch containing an account of their arrest was overtaken by a telegraphic message that they were at liberty. These are the facts, which the British government, acting under the advice of the Law Officers of the Crown, has thought it necessary, through its minister at Washington, to denounce as an act "of despotic and arbitrary power, inconsistent with the Constitution of the United States, and at variance with the treaties of amity between the two nations, and as tending to prevent the resort of British subjects to the United States for the purposes of trade and industry." To speak of acts like these, taking place, as Lord Lyons well observes, "under the hard necessities of a time of internal trouble," as an act of "despotic and arbitrary power" looks, I must say, like an eagerness to find matter of offence. There was nothing arbitrary or despotic in the arrests; there is no provision in any treaty between this country and Great Britain, nor, I will add, between any two countries whatever, which authorizes a foreigner to expect exemption from the action of the law or from any necessary procedure on the part of the government, to which the native is subjected, (and Lord Lyons admits that in the class of cases referred to, British subjects and American citizens are treated alike), nor is the conduct of our government on this occasion, as urged by the London "Times," "in violation of the Law of Nations." The Law of Nations, as I have said, accords no privilege to foreigners in this respect, or in any other, over natives.

The "Times" observes that "dignity and propriety alike required that no allusion should have been made to the Law Officers of the Crown, in such a communication as the present." This rebuke, however, I apprehend, is not merited by Lord Lyons. His communication was, beyond question, dictated by his government, and the case was too destitute of any substantial merit, to dispense with whatever colorable strength it might derive, from a reference to the authority of these learned functionaries.

Mr. Seward, as we have seen, treated their opinion with all the civility it could possibly receive from the government; but, in truth, an opinion of "the Law Officers of the Crown" does not inspire confidence on this side of the Atlantic, on any thing pertaining to matters in controversy between this country and Great Britain. Whether it is by some inexplicable fatality, or by a natural instinct of conformity, on the part of those officers, to the known or supposed wishes of the Minister of the day, the opinion of the Law Officers of the Crown (the Attorney and Solicitor General) has, without a single exception that occurs to me, always been adverse to America, not only in reference to points which may be still matters of controversy, but to those on which grave British authority at the time was pronounced in our favor, and on which, in after times, the soundest English statesmen, taught in the sober school of experience, have done us justice. "When New York had failed to make an appropriation for the civil service," says Mr. Bancroft, "a bill was prepared to be laid before parliament, giving the usual revenue; and this bill having received the approbation of the great whig lawyers, Northey and Raymond, was the precedent which overcame Grenville's scruples about taxing the colonies, without first allowing them representation."[*] Northey and Raymond, were the Law Officers of the Crown, and tracing back events to their remote sources, their opinion on this forgotten project of a bill, may, by its influence on the mind of Mr. Grenville, be considered the cause of the American revolution. Lord Raymond is one of the purest and brightest names in the history of the English law, especially for his avoidance of party politics; although his opposition to the English law-bill shows, as it seems to me, a somewhat narrow mind. The value of Sir Edward Northey's opinion on a politico-legal question may be inferred from the fact, that he used to say, as Attorney-General, that "he had no further business with Irish bills, *than to take care of the king's prerogative, and the interest of the mother country!*"[†]

The same opinion of the right of parliament to bind America in all cases was soon after given by two other Law Officers of the Crown, one of whom at least enjoys a higher reputation even than Lord Raymond. Lord Mansfield, then the Hon. William Murray, and Solicitor-General, had in 1744, in conjunction with Sir Dudley Ryder, given the opinion, that "An act of Parliament in Great Britain could alone prescribe rules for the reduction of refractory colonial assemblies." On these opinions of the Law Officers of the Crown, George Grenville was emboldened to venture on the perilous experiment of the Stamp Act.[‡]

As the controversy advanced, the "series of blunders," as Earl Russell severely characterized the measures that immediately preceded and accompanied the outbreak of the American Revolution, and of which the melancholy catalogue is contained in the declaration of independence, were successively recommended by the Law Officers of the Crown. One of them, Alexander Wedderburn, the author of the insults heaped upon Franklin before the Privy Council in 1774—a circumstance which, in the opinion of the late Lord Chancellor of England, "mainly conduced to the civil war which soon followed, and to the dismemberment of the Empire," was at that time Solicitor-General.

After the close of the Revolutionary war, and the recognition of our independence, England neglected for eight years to send a minister to this country, although the United States had appointed an envoy to London in a little more than a year after the return of peace. During these eight years, and for four years longer, the western posts were detained by Great Britain. Their evacuation had been stipulated in the treaty of peace, and their detention involved the United States in two Indian wars. This detention was justified on the ground that the United States had not, on their part, fulfilled the fourth article of the treaty, which provided that "Creditors on either side should meet with no lawful impediment in the recovery of their debts." It was abundantly shown, in the correspondence between the two governments, that the merchants of the United States, exhausted by the war, and deprived by this very detention of the western posts, of one lucrative branch of commerce (the fur trade), had done all that it was possible to do by way of fulfilling the fourth article of the treaty. The Law Officers of the Crown advised their government that the delay in the payment of the private debts would, by the law of nations, warrant the non-delivery of the posts. Their detention entailed upon our frontier for years all the sickening horrors of Indian warfare. A colonel was tortured and burned at the stake by the Indians in Ohio, as late as 1789. Whatever may be thought of the question as one of public obligation, it must be allowed to be rather harsh practice, because a man does not pay his private debt in Boston or New York, to let loose a savage with tomahawk and scalping knife on the wife and children of his fellow-citizen on the frontier.

In 1795 the Law Officers of the Crown advised their government that the Provision order of April in that year was in conformity with the law of nations. This order authorized the cruisers of Great Britain to arrest all neutral vessels bound to any port of France, laden in whole or in part with corn, flour, meal, and other articles of provision, and send them into the most convenient English ports, in order to the purchase of their cargoes by the British government. This ill-advised order reached this country while the question on the confirmation of Jay's treaty was pending, and had nearly caused its rejection. The influence of Washington procured the ratification of the treaty, and indemnification for captures and losses in virtue of the order was made to the American merchants under its seventh article.

Ten years later ensued the tremendous struggle between France and England, in which, in the most flagrant violation of the Law of Nations, the governments of the two countries endeavored, by their decrees and orders in council, to make the neutral powers, (that is, the United States, for there were no other neutrals of any account,) parties to the internecine war which they were waging against each other. These decrees and orders were justified by the two powers respectively, on the ground of retaliation, (which of course could not have been justly pleaded by both,) and the acquiescence of the neutral powers, a plea which, as far as the United States were concerned, was as unfounded as it was offensive. The British orders in council were advised and drafted by the Law Officers of the Crown; who also advised their government, that it had a right to impress British seamen from American vessels. These orders in council swept the commerce of the United States, for seven years, from the sea, and with the practice of impressment, under which thousands of American citizens, not only naturalized but native, were forced into the ships of war of Great Britain, finally produced the war of 1812. As for impressment of our seamen, it is of course utterly unauthorized by the Law of Nations, and the orders in council are now admitted by nearly all the British text writers to be in contravention of that law. Lord Campbell, late Lord Chancellor and Lord Chief Justice, goes further and says, "the orders in council were grievously unjust to neutrals, and *it is now generally allowed that they were contrary to the law of nations and our own municipal law*."[§]

Not very long after the peace of 1814, the important controversy between the two governments on the North Eastern boundary, which had been more or less agitated since 1783, reached its crisis. It turned mainly on the question, whether the river St. John is one of the rivers alluded to in the treaty of 1783 as flowing into the St. Lawrence or one of those flowing into the Atlantic ocean. The Law Officers of the Crown advised their government that, inasmuch as the St. John flowed into the Bay of Fundy, it did not flow into the Atlantic ocean, as if the Bay of Fundy were not part of the Atlantic ocean! This pretension, which involved the additional absurdity that, a treaty which undertook to define a boundary by a general reference to the headwaters of the rivers which water the territory, should have used terms which wholly excluded the principal river of the region, (since if the St. John did not flow into the Atlantic, it certainly did not flow into the St. Lawrence,) was pronounced by the "Times," after the negociation of the Webster-Ashburton treaty, a "mere quibble." It was a quibble, however, which lay at the foundation of the whole English argument, which is still insisted on by uninformed or unprincipled British writers, and had very nearly involved the two countries in war.

But a still more remarkable opinion was given by the Law Officers of the Crown in 1841, on another question, which had nearly led to a collision between the two governments in 1852. By the convention with Great Britain of the 20th of October, 1818, the United States renounced "forever any liberty heretofore enjoyed or claimed by the inhabitants thereof, to take, dry, or cure fish on or within three marine miles of the coasts, *bays*, creeks, or harbors of his Britannic majesty's dominions, not included within the above-mentioned limits." For many years after the date of the treaty, it was considered on both sides, that the Bay of Fundy, owing to its magnitude, was not one of the *bays* from which our fishermen were intended to be excluded, and they were accordingly allowed to fish there without molestation. At length the provincial cruizers began to capture our fishermen in the Bay of Fundy. This, of course, became a subject of complaint on the part of our government, as the capture of our fishermen on other portions of the provincial coast had been long before. It devolved then on me to correspond on this subject with the late Earl of Aberdeen, a man whose sterling purity of character and fidelity to his own government were accompanied by the most conciliatory dispositions towards the United States. Our correspondence resulted in the concession on the part of the British government of a right to fish in the Bay of Fundy. Lord Aberdeen, however, in a letter to me of the 10th of March, 1845, announcing this decision, thus expresses himself:—"Her Majesty's government must still maintain, *and in this view they are fortified by high legal authority*, that the Bay of Fundy is rightfully claimed by Great Britain, as a bay within the meaning of the treaty of 1818. And they equally maintain the position which was laid down in the note of the undersigned (Lord Aberdeen) dated 15th April last, that, with regard to the other bays on the British American coast, no United States fisherman has, under that convention, the right to fish within three miles of the entrance of said bays, *as designated by a line drawn from headland to headland* of that entrance."

The "high legal authority" referred to by Lord Aberdeen, was an opinion given in 1841 by Sir John Dodson and Sir Thomas Wilde, (afterwards Lord Chancellor, with the title of Lord Truro), in which these distinguished Law Officers of the Crown say, in language of which the neatness is on a par with the accuracy: "that no right exists on the part of American citizens to enter the bays of Nova Scotia, there to take fish, although the fishing, being within the bay, may be at a greater distance than three miles from the shore of the bay; as *we are of opinion that the term* Headland *is used in the treaty to express the part of the land we have before mentioned*, excluding the interior of the bays and the inlets of the coast."

Now, the extraordinary fact is, that neither the word "Headland," nor anything equivalent or synonymous, occurs in the convention! The Law Officers of the Crown seem to have mistaken a sentence in an *ex parte* case, made up by the provincial authorities at Halifax, for a part of the treaty between the United States and Great Britain, which they were called upon to expound, and this gross blunder escaped even so accurate a person as Lord Aberdeen. It was first, as far as I am aware, pointed out in a letter of 4th December, 1852, which I had occasion to address from the Department of State to Mr. Ingersoll, then our minister in London, to be read by him to Lord Malmesbury, at that time minister of Foreign Affairs. Lord Malmesbury had retired from that office before my letter reached its destination, in which, besides pointing out this discreditable error on the part of the Law Officers of the Crown, I had occasion to rectify some very important mistakes of his lordship himself.

A very important question under the law of nations, (if that can be called a question where the reasons and authorities are all on one side,) has suddenly loomed up by the arrest of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, on their way to Europe. I have no fears that the present Law Officers of the Crown, however they may differ from us as to the provisions of the Constitution of the United States, will differ from Lord Stowell as to the right of a belligerent to seize the despatches and to stop the ambassadors of his enemy on their passage in a neutral vessel. If, however, such difference should unfortunately arise, the United States, in view of the facts above sketched, and of which the list might be enlarged, will not be blamed if they should not, as a matter of course, defer to an opinion of the Law Officers of the Crown.

Boston, 22d November, 1861.

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[*] Bancroft, Vol. V., p. 154.

[†] Lord Campbell's *Chief Justices*, Vol. II., p. 238.

[‡] Bancroft, Vol. V., p. 80.

[§] Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Chancellors*, Vol. VII., p. 218.

WHO ARE THE PROUD PEOPLE?

There is scarcely any word in the English language more often wrested from its true meaning than the word "proud." Those who are fondest of affixing this label to the coats of their neighbors, or acquaintances, are they who are *themselves* quite corroded with this feeling. The self-poise and self-possession of a refined and intelligent person, occupied with other thoughts than the petty balancing of his own individual claims to admiration, is with such, a sure proof of an arrogant nature, and to be resented accordingly. He is "better off" than these complainants, he wears better clothes—lives in a better style, *therefore* it follows, that he must be proud. Now in fact the *really* "proud" is he, who is constantly fighting the air, lest his social position should be underrated by those about him. That person whose position is secure, never troubles his head about such matters. There is no surer mark of a narrow, barren soul, than the constant changes rung upon this theme by persons who have no claim, morally or intellectually, to the regard of those whom they stigmatize as "proud," and "stuck up." **Fanny Fern.**

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

It is quite lamentable that so many young people of the present day should be afflicted with poor eyesight. How is this? Some say it is our gas-lights. Some say it is our furnace-heated-houses; from out which we rush into the biting cold air of our northern winters. Some have one reason, some another. The truth we imagine to be this; that the eyes sympathize with the general state of the health. If that be poor, the eyesight is so, and the contrary. Now every body knows that, until *very* lately, physical education has been almost overlooked, while the brain of the young has been unduly stimulated. A reform is now beginning in this matter; and as that progresses we shall hear of fewer and fewer complaints of "weak eyes." Plenty of exercise, earlier hours for retiring, and a more sensible diet, with a diminution of excitement, will soon tell, we hope and believe, on the optics of our young people. Meantime, we suppose the hale grandfathers must do the family reading, and the hale grandmothers, the family sewing. **Fanny Fern.**

The great struggles in life are limited to moments; in the drooping of the head upon the bosom, in the pressure of the hand upon the brow.

SONG OF A SAILOR'S WIFE.

BY ALICE CARY.

The wind is blowing this way—
The wind is blowing this way!
And I don't know our meadow-paths as he
Knoweth his way on the broad blue sea,
And his boat will be here with the day,
Ay, here with the break of the day!

Hie, darlings o' mine, to your bed—
Haste, darlings o' mine, to your bed!
For well I know ere the morning gleams,
Whose mouth will be kissing you out of your dreams,
Whose hand like a shield will be spread
O'er each dear little shining head.

I will watch by your bed and pray,
For the wind is blowing this way!
And my thoughts, like bubbles of airy light,
Run in the wake of a boat to-night,
That will land at the break of the day—
At the silvery break of the day!

In your pillows white as the foam—
As soft and white as the foam,
Hide, my darlings, your cheeks so red—
The eyes of a sailor might be misled,
And his boat might never come home,
Ah, never and never come home!

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VASCO PERES,
THE COOPER OF ALCOBAÇA.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

"How fares it with our common rescuer, fair lady; for I know you are also indebted to him?" asked Dom João, saluting Elvira in the gallant fashion of that chivalrous age, while the lady on her side hastened to make her obedience to her sovereign.

"As well, even better than was expected, sire; frei Ruperto, who is well skilled in leechcraft, promises a speedy cure if his prescriptions are strictly adhered to," replied Elvira.

"Right glad are we to hear such good tidings. Nay, stir not, Vasco; 'tis our command that you lie still and obey in all that this noble lady and this pretty maiden may enjoin; methinks it will be no hardship to comply with any injunction delivered by lips so fair, however irksome otherwise; as the king spoke he approached the bedside, in order to prevent Vasco from sitting up, which the latter had made an effort to do, on perceiving his illustrious visitor; and as the young monarch stretched forth his hand, Vasco raised it to his lips.

"This is indeed an honor which I little expected from your highness, and which pleads in defence of my confusion," said Vasco, in a faltering voice, allowing himself to sink back on his pillow; "or, rather, I must look upon this honor as intended for this noble lady, who has deigned to tend a poor cooper."

"Who," said the king with a smile, as he interrupted him, "who must never again think of carrying on his old trade; for it would not be meet in——"

"Frei Lopo in this guise!" exclaimed Elvira, cutting the king short in his speech.

While Dom João was conversing with Vasco Peres, Elvira had turned her eyes toward the person who had entered with the king, and remained standing in the middle of the chamber. At first she could not believe what she saw; she looked again and again, till at last there was no doubting. Those were verily the features of the respected frei Lopo; but the monk's gown was wanting, being now replaced by the apparel in which the nobility usually attired themselves when not clad in armor.

"Nay," said the King, with a buxom smile, as he turned to Elvira and pointed towards the transformed monk, "there is no such person as frei Lopo that I wot of; but there stands the lord of Runa."

"The lord of Runa!" echoed Elvira, startled, while a frown gathered upon her brow; and had any one watched Vasco, he would have been seen to start and gaze upon the ex-monk with a sort of stupefaction blended with an expression of intense scorn and disgust. Had it come to this, then, that the man before them was an impostor, who had played a game of his own, and succeeded in ousting Cabreira from the estates of Runa to step into them himself? Such was the thought which passed like a flash through the brain of both.

"Ay, the lord of *Runa*," repeated the King, laying a stress upon the last word, with something of mischief in his eye, and appearing to relish the scene he witnessed; for the quondam monk was no less affected than the others, giving signs of extreme agitation and emotion; "ay, the lord of *Runa;* to his arms, Dona Elvira! to his arms!"

"Let me fold thee to my bosom, my child!" cried the other, rushing up to the damsel with outstretched arms.

'In the name of Heaven! who is this?" shrieked Elvira, as if bewildered, but still shrinking from the stranger.

"Thy father, Elvira," cried the lord of Runa, holding her fast.

"Take my royal word for it, lady," said the King, in an altered tone, seeing that the damsel turned deadly pale; "this is your father, whom we all thought long ago the prey of death, but who has found his way back in time to save his daughter, his king, and his country from many evils."

These words, spoken in an earnest voice, put an end to all doubt.

"Father!" murmured Elvira, as she allowed herself to be pressed to the bosom of her long lost parent, while throwing her arms around his neck.

The father and daughter mingled their tears in silence—the sensation in both was too deepfelt to admit of words for some minutes. The young king—one whom Portugal accounts among the best of her sovereigns, and whose memory lives in the hearts of the people scarcely second to that of Affonso Henriques, the founder of the monarchy—turned aside in order to wipe away, unperceived, the tear which in his despite bedewed his cheek. Violante ran to her brother, and from excess of joy wept upon his bosom, while Vasco Peres, who for a moment had risen on his elbow, fell back and closed his eyelids.

"Brother, brother, what ails thee? This scene was too thrilling for one in his weak state," cried Violante.

"It was thoughtless—this should have been spared him; but I was so impatient to lock thee in my embrace, Elvira," said the lord of Runa, as they all approached the sick man, to whom Elvira and Violante hastened to administer some restorative.

"Methinks the news I had for him had better be reserved till his nerves be stronger," suggested Dom João.

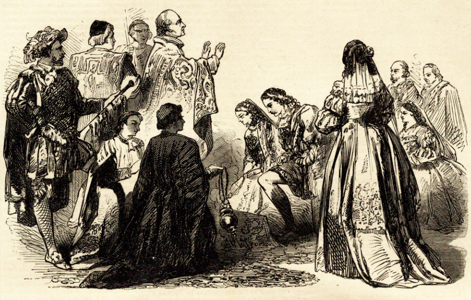
"It were no doubt as well, sire," replied Dom Rodrigo Forjaz, lord of Runa.

"Nay, I crave your pardon, sire; this is of no account," said Vasco, as he revived; "if I was moved beyond what my present strength can bear, it was only because I saw the dark clouds dispersing and unlooked for happiness opening to one"—and his eyes instinctively glanced at the fair Elvira—"who so well deserves every felicity that it is given man to enjoy in this world. But if that which your Highness has to say concerns me alone, my nerves are sufficiently braced to bear with it, whether of good or bad import."

"Yet I think it would not be amiss to hold back the news a few days; I doubt me you could make good your words, nor will I test your capabilities on this point," persisted the king.

"Sire," said Elvira, "if, with your good leave, I may presume to opine in this matter, I should say that suspense might work injuriously in his present condition; and since the subject has been broached, it were better, perhaps, to speak out at once, especially if the intelligence, as I suspect, tends to his weal."

"Belike you are right, fair lady," rejoined Dom João, after a moment's reflection, as he produced some documents written on parchment, each with a heavy waxen seal hanging from it; then, addressing Vasco, he continued: "Here are four *alvarás* drawn up during our stay on the field, but bearing the date of the battle, as a memorial for your posterity. By one you will see that we have been pleased to reverse the attainder unjustly issued against you, and to annul the grant we made of your property. By another you and your sister are ennobled, and you and your posterity forever are to bear the title of *Dom*, which, as you must know, some of the best blood and most ancient families of the realm have not the privilege of using. By a third, we have confiscated all the estates once belonging to Dom Garcia de Cabreira, which are of great extent and very valuable, and made them over to you and your heirs without reserve; but, as they are all burthened with heavy mortgages, we have thought fit to direct that an exact estimate be made out of the debts for which those estates are liable, and, as soon as they are ascertained, they shall all be paid off from our royal treasury, so that you may come into the property unencumbered. Furthermore, as the title of lord of Valverde has now become infamous, we were loath that it should be coupled with the name of one so worthy as yourself; know, therefore, that as an especial mark of our favor and an acknowledgment of the service we received from you, when on the point of being struck down, we have made you a grant in perpetuity of the estate and lordship of Mondim, heretofore belonging to the crown; and in the *alvará* you will find expressly mentioned the reason wherefore this grant is made. We grieve, Dom Vasco Peres, lord of Mondim, that your state was a bar to our dubbing you a knight on the field of battle, as it should have been. Three days hence—after St. Bernard's festival—we proceed on the journey for our good city of Lisbon, and it is our behest that you follow us thither as soon as you are restored to health; there shall you receive the honor of knighthood from our hand," so saying the king gave his hand to Vasco, who kissed it.



MARRIAGE OF VASCO AND ELVIRA.

We may easily imagine the astonishment of Vasco and his sister, and the inward joy of Elvira, on thus learning the sudden rise to such high station and wealth of one who, just one week before, was in his workshop pursuing his trade, little dreaming of the hight to which he would soar a few days later.

"Oh, most noble and puissant prince," cried Vasco, "this outstrips my just deserts—indeed I cannot realize so great a change, nor conceive wherein I have merited——"

"Beshrew me, Dom Vasco, but that is a poor compliment you are paying His Highness," said Dom Rodrigo Forjaz, with a smile; "is then the life of our king of so little account?"

"Nay, Heaven help me, I never meant that," rejoined Vasco; "but I only did that which any other man had done in my place——"

"Peace, Dom Vasco; say no more touching that which it has been our good pleasure to ordain; you will grace your new position better than many who were higher born," then, turning to Elvira, the king said, waggishly: "In sooth, he has a noble bearing, one more beseeming his present rank than his past; what say you, fair lady?"

With the blood mantling in her cheeks, Elvira replied:

"Most assuredly, it is even as you say, my gracious lord. Dom Vasco has proved what he is worth; he has within him the stuff to make a brave and gallant knight, and will, I dare swear, continue to render Your Highness much good service against your enemies."

"Well said, lady; spoken as befits the daughter of a Forjaz," rejoined the king; "and now other business calls us hence; Dom Rodrigo will remain here; for he has much to tell, that will be novel and interesting to you. But ere we part, we would fain know from your own lips whether you still think it hard in us, that we restore you not what we most wrongfully took from you—for which we crave forgiveness—our trusty friend Dom Rodrigo informed us that you were wroth touching this," and the king's look and tone had a spice of mischief in them.

"Ah, sire; it was wrong in me; my mind was wrought up by exciting events."

"Then, you think it is well as it is? You see there is an insurmountable obstacle to our restoring you those estates, since we have already returned them to their rightful owner, your father."

"Had he but discovered himself sooner, Your Highness would have found no cause for blame in me."

"Nay, fair lady, no blame was meant; but I leave Dom Rodrigo to explain wherefore he kept his secret so long, and we part friends."

The next moment, the king had left the room.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"All truth must not be told at all times."

"Father," said Elvira, immediately after the king's departure, "I long to hear by what miracle of Divine Mercy you have been restored to me. Had I never seen you till now, it may well be I had felt estranged towards you; for you tore yourself from me before my memory had strength enough to retain your image, or my affection was sufficiently developed by reason to acquire a lasting hold. But, though my acquaintance with you—for I may call it thus, the past being almost a blank—dates but a few days back, this short lapse of time has been so eventful that it is equal to a life in the effects it has produced in my heart. How much do I not owe you since those few short-lived hours? how much have you not done for me? how kind have you not shown yourself? Believe me, you find a daughter who was already willing to venerate you, ere knowing of the ties that bind her to you; whose affection is now entirely roused, and who is resolved to do all in her power to make your existence one of happiness," so saying Elvira raised her father's hand to her lips.

"Glad am I, sweet child," replied the lord of Runa, embracing his daughter, "that the events which have so happily ended for all, except for the wicked, have also contributed to dispel the fears I harbored ere meeting thee; for, whereas I dreaded a cold reception—as a stranger with troublesome claims—I now find a daughter who has had the opportunity of assuring herself that absence had not diminished the father's love for his only child. It were long to relate in one breath all that has befallen me during the fourteen years of my absence; these are details which will serve to while away leisure hours hereafter. Thou must be aware, Elvira, of the cause that drove me from my home, leaving thee to the care of a dear brother, whom, alas, I vainly hoped to have seen again."

"My poor uncle spoke to me more than once of that unfortunate circumstance," said Elvira.

"It is well thus, for there is no subject more painful for me to dwell on—though many years have passed, that is a wound which always bleeds, a grief I shall carry to my grave."

"Nay, father," said Elvira, in a soothing tone, "we will try to staunch this wound, and soften this grief; in truth, you accuse yourself too harshly for that in which you were not to blame."

"Well, well, child, we'll not speak of this now—I arrived at Ceuta with my companions, five in number; we were not long in the land of the Moors, ere we had many hardships to endure: three of ours were put to death by the infidels, one escaped—I never learnt how, but I was assured of the fact some time after—whilst another and myself were taken into the interior and made to work. I will not enter into particulars for the present, suffice it to say that the Franciscan monk, my companion in captivity, succumbed to his sufferings, and I subsequently experienced another change, being transferred to Morocco—and much will I have to tell you both, touching the curious customs of its people. Fortunately this removal proved favorable to me; my new keeper was kinder in his treatment, and, through a service I chanced to render the sovereign of the country, I finally regained my liberty, and landed, in the beginning of this month, in Algarve, at the port of Lagos. My first destination was Runa; for since my captivity, I had had no tidings of thee, Elvira. There, I learnt the death of thy uncle and that thou wert staying at Alcôa; I therefore came on, without discovering myself to any one. I determined to remain unknown to thee until I should hear something respecting thy disposition—for I wished to gain a knowledge of the sort of reception that awaited me. On my arrival here, I at once sought an interview with the abbot, told him who I was, apprizing him of my position and intention. He received me with every attention; allotted me a cell in the monastery, giving me full liberty of action; and as I wore the habit of St. Francis, he allowed me to assume, and furnished me with one similar to that worn by his monks, in order to attract less attention while a resident of the cloister, which I then supposed would not continue beyond a day or two; he also gave me a key of one the wickets whereby I might come in or go out through the *cerca*, and thus avoid the principal entrance, when it suited me. I received such favorable accounts of thy qualities from the abbot, that there was but one thing wanting for me to go and seek thee as a father—I wished to get a glimpse at thee, before presenting myself. It was night when I arrived at Alcobaça; the following morning I went to the quinta; but thou wert out. Later in the day, my wish was unexpectedly gratified—it was the same on which thou hadst perished in the stream, but for our kind friend here."

"And why did you not come to me as soon as I recovered my senses?" asked Elvira.

"Because I deemed it an unfit moment for explanations, and when I left Vasco's house, I was even then undecided whether I would discover myself that evening, or repair the next morning to the quinta. Meanwhile, a couple of hours before sunset, I took a ramble round about the place; and being tired seated myself among some rocks near an old, ruined windmill. I was so wrapt in thought, that darkness overtook me, and I was startled on hearing a human voice in that lonely spot, and suprised at the words, delivered in a low tone, that fell upon my ear; they were these: *I will hide me in the mill till Dom Garcia come.* The name excited my curiosity, for I had heard the coopers speak of Dom Garcia de Cabreira in no flattering terms, and as a suitor for thy hand. I at once perceived that the person who had uttered these words, had spoken aloud to himself and was expecting one who, I was convinced, could be no other than the identical Dom Garcia in command of the troops in the castle, and supposed to be thy intended. This circumstance induced me to do that which, otherwise, I had spurned—I played the eavesdropper, hiding myself in a hollow just behind where I was seated, the entrance into which was small and could not be seen from above. Cabreira arrived soon after, and though, in looking to see if any one were near, he came close to me, fortunately the place where I was concealed escaped his notice. In the course of their conversation, I perceived that the one who arrived first was João Gonçalves de Ataide, a renegade who had arrived from the Castilian camp. They had not spoken long, ere I became so intensely interested in what was being said, that I held my breath, for fear of losing a single syllable."

The lord of Runa proceeded to give a detailed account of the interview between Gonçalves and Cabreira, as reported in chapter IV., and then continued:

"As soon as those two designing men had separated, I fell on my knees and thanked God for having led me to that spot in order that I might be the means of preserving my country and my child from the satanic schemes of a fiend in human shape. I determined to act prudently, in order to arrive at my end with greater certainty. Leaving the mill I immediately bent my way to Dom Vasco's house; for a happy chance had that day made me acquainted with the noble soul that lived in him. I thought it more prudent to withhold from his knowledge all that I had overheard, merely stating that I had discovered a plot for thy abduction. Both of you know the result, and how opportunely my memory came in aid of our purpose, by reminding me of the subterranean passage, which had often been of inestimable service to our ancestors, but which, perhaps, had never been used on a more momentous occasion—for honor is more than life in the eyes of the virtuous."

"And pray, father, what were those words by which you caused such terror in Dom Garcia?"

"They were such as to let him know that I was acquainted with his treacherous intentions against the king; and, having discovered the man's villainy, I concealed my features for fear that he might have attempted my assassination, had he been able to identify me. But in order that he might not suspect that I had overheard his conversation with João Gonçalves, I told him I came from the Castilian camp, whereby he might infer that I had obtained my information at Leiria. My object in thus misleading Cabreira, was to give him a chance of returning to sentiments of loyalty; for, being aware of the serious consequences which the defection of such a man might entail, I thought this was the best course to pursue, hoping that, when Dom Garcia perceived that nothing more was known than that a proposal had been made him by the King of Castile, he would come to his senses and abide by his duty. Yet, knowing his secret, and aware that he would only pass over during the action, I had made up my mind to watch him, and, when the army moved, to seek the king and put him on his guard, as there was no telling how Cabreira might act. This induced me to defer throwing off my disguise; however much I longed to embrace thee, I conceived that my country's weal demanded the sacrifice. Next morning I ascertained that Dom Garcia was absent, but could not find out whither he had gone, which made me very anxious. A little later, I found out what was occurring at Dom Vasco's, and saw him led off a prisoner; my anxiety on thy score increased, for I was now aware that thy persecutor had been to see the king. When I saw a troop of soldiers on their march towards the quinta, I hastened thither, trembling for thy safety. The rest is known to you. On leaving Alcôa, I hurried back to the monastery, acquainted the abbot with what had occurred, asked him for a letter for the king, changed my gown for a suit of armor, and, mounting a horse, set out for Porto-de-Moz. His Highness was soon convinced of my identity, and, after I had related all that had passed between João Gonçalves and Cabreira, and he had repeated all that the latter had represented to him, after we had compared notes and sifted the facts, the king became thoroughly convinced that Cabreira had imposed upon him, and meditated treachery of the most dangerous kind. The king's indignation knew no bounds, and his first thought was to dispatch some troops to Alcobaça to seize Cabreira; but fearing, upon reflection, that this would demoralize his army and throw a damp upon their spirits, which might be fatal at such a juncture, he adopted another plan. He ordered the liberation of both of you; but, that Cabreira might not suspect that his criminal projects had been discovered, His Highness allowed him to suppose, nay, even told him by letter, that the grants he had made him would continue valid. I was directed to lead a small detachment to the field, and watch the villain's movements, in order that he might be seized at the least sign of foul play on his part. Dom Vasco knows the rest; he and the coopers accompanied me to Aljubarrota; we all kept our faces concealed, that Cabreira might have no misgivings, which probably would have arisen in his mind had he recognized our friend and his companions. I, for reasons which require no explanation, assumed the epithet of *esbulhado*."

"I no longer wonder at your absence on the day of the battle, dearest father, remarked Elvira, with a fond smile."

"But pray tell me, senhor," said Vasco, "how came it that you were away, and the king at our head, when he commanded Dom Garcia to be seized? This has always puzzled me; though you declined satisfying my curiosity the other night, as we came from Aljubarrota, I presume all may now be made clear."

"If I remained silent on this point, Senhor Dom Vasco," replied the lord of Runa, "it was because the time had not yet come for me to appear in my true cheracter. I was then but a monk of Alcobaça, who, like other ecclesiastics, had cased his limbs in steel for the sake of a good cause. But now the mystery shall be revealed. It was simply part of the plan concerted betwixt the king and myself. His Highness alone had sufficient authority to cause Cabreira to be arrested at such a moment, in the very midst of the knights and squires bound to obey their leader's voice; had I even been furnished with a royal warrant, no order of mine would have been heeded by Dom Garcia's followers. I had, therefore, been provided, whilst at Porto-de-Moz, with a suit of armor very similar to that worn by His Highness, and a little before the enemy had completed their arrangements, I slipped away."

"Ay, I observed you were absent for a few minutes," said Vasco.

"He who returned was the king; I remained in his place by the royal standard," continued Runa.

"I see, I see—a very good idea it was, too. Dom Garcia was thus put out of the way of doing harm, and yet none of the troops knew of it, save the few that happened to be near."

"But you little suspect the danger you two have escaped; nought but God's will could have averted it."

"You mean the attempt made by Lourenço Matante?"

"Nay, worse than that; you ate not of the food set before you whilst confined in the castle?"

"True, I remember, I touched it not; no appetite was left me," replied Elvira, recalling her thoughts.

"Nor did I; my heart was too full," said Vasco, as he glanced at the damsel.

"Lift up your prayers and thank Heaven, my children, for that food contained a deadly poison!" said Dom Rodrigo Forjaz in a solemn tone, as he pointed above.

"Poison!" echoed Elvira and Vasco, with eyes aghast.

"Even so; your common enemy and persecutor was in hopes of getting rid of you both by that means, when orders were received by him for your liberation."

"It must have been he, likewise, who sent Lourenço on that murderous errand," said Vasco.

"Ay, our suspicions have been confirmed," replied the lord of Runa.

"But, dear father," cried Elvira, in a tone of astonishment, "I marvel how it comes you are ever before others in such news. How could you get at all this?"

"It need cause thee no wonder, my child," answered Dom Rodrigo, with a smile; "after the battle all the wounded were brought in to be attended to. Among them was a man whose state foreshadowed a speedy death; the utmost terror was pictured on his face, which must have been frightful and repulsive in its best moments, and he eagerly begged for the succor of the priest. The latter heard his confession, but refused absolution. The wretch had accused himself of some monstrous crime, and as the priest could not break the secresy of the confessional, whilst conscious of the evils that might follow, inasmuch as one of the criminals, nay, the chief one, still lived, he informed the dying man that he must not expect absolution until he would consent to have a notary and three witnesses summoned, and, in their presence, make a legal deposition of the horrors he had confessed. The sinner persisted for a long time in refusing to do this, but at length, terror-struck at the rapid approach of dissolution, he gave his consent. The notary came with the witnesses and wrote down the deposition; after which the priest and the penitent were left alone; and the latter, having received the last consolations of religion, gave up the ghost. The self-convicted man was one Fernão Rodrigues, *coudel* of Dom Garcia's crossbowmen, and accomplice in all the enormities projected by that demon of wickedness. The deposition of Fernão Rodrigues is to be used against Cabreira at his trial, which will shortly take place at Lisbon, whither he has been sent in close custody. There is also another document which will be produced against him, and would, in the absence of other proof, suffice to convict him: it is an *alvará* of Don Juan of Castile, making him a grant of the greater part of the constable's estates, and which was found upon his person after his arrest."

"Wretched man," said Vasco; "he has fallen from a great hight by giving sway to his evil passions——"

"Whils you, Dom Vasco, have risen by reason of never having swerved from the path of righteousness, and always taking virtue as your guide," added Elvira, with a look that penetrated her lover's inmost heart—he thought that the happiest moment of his life.

* * * * * * * * * *

It will readily be conceived that our hero no longer delayed in declaring his love, and sueing for the hand of Elvira—her answer need not be told, nor did the two lovers experience the least opposition on the part of the Lord of Runa. The father's watchful eye had, ere they broached the subject, perceived what was passing in the hearts of both, and the thorough knowledge he had been able to acquire in one short week of the noble qualities with which Vasco was endowed, made him wish for no better life companion for his daughter and heiress. About a month after the close of the last scene, Dom Vasco Peres, Lord of Mondim, was united in marriage to Dona Elvira Forjaz.

A few days previous to the ceremony, Dom João I. had conferred the order of knighthood on the bridegroom, having dubbed him with his own hand, and, at the same time, presented him with a splendid charger from the royal stables. The marriage took place at the cathedral, at which the king, the constable and the highest of the land assisted, while in the evening the young monarch honored the newly wedded couple with a sumptuous entertainment at the palace of the Limoeiro, which is just in the rear of the *Sé* or cathedral—and which, it may be added, from having once been the habitation of kings, has, through the singular changes worked by time, finally come to be a prison, for which purpose it serves at the present day. In the war, which continued for some time with Castile, till a final peace was made, Vasco proved on many occasions that the spurs sat well upon his heels, and that he was worthy of all the honors heaped upon him. His intellect and sound judgment were acknowledged on all sides, which led to his being called to a seat in the king's council, where his voice was always listened to with deference. Nor was he ever ashamed of his beginnings—he was allowed, at his own request, to add a quartering to the coat-of-arms which had been granted him, in which was represented a cask with a hoop leaning on each side of it, and the crest he adopted for his helmet were two small hoops one in the other crosswise; thus would his posterity forever be reminded of the origin of the founder of their family. But as a set-off, another quartering represented the incident which had occurred during the battle, when Vasco saved the king's life—this had been suggested by the king himself.

It only remains to inform the reader of the fate that overtook the other personages who had a share in the events recorded.

The pretty, graceful Violante, now called Dona Violante Peres, was in no want of suitors; among these she selected a young fidalgo of considerable rank and property, whom she married some six months after her brother's wedding. Elvira and Violante continued inseperable friends.

Dom Garcia de Cabreira was tried and convicted on the charge of treason and attempt at murder. He was first publicly stript of the insignia of knighthood, then degraded from nobility, and condemned for life to a galley ship. Vasco Peres earnestly sued in his behalf, praying that his punishment might be less harsh; but albeit the king was by nature of a generous and liberal mind, nothing could induce him to relent in the present case. Cabreira expiated his crimes by being chained to one of the benches in the galley and compelled to row with companions of the vilest sort, and when this service was not required of him, he was kept in close confinement. But he did not long survive his change of fortune; ere two years had expired he died, carried to the grave more from mental agony than by mere bodily hardship.

Lourenço Matante was duly hung, after trial.

Though last not least, the honest Braz Martinz received from his former employer, Vasco Peres, a donation of the whole of the property possessed by the latter in and about Alcobaça, and he opened the workshop under his own name. After the elevation of his old master to the nobility, he became more moderate in his views; at any rate, he was ever ready to admit with pride and joy, that there was at least one fidalgo who had a right to claim respect—the Lord of Mondim was, as he asserted, the *ne plus ultra* of what a nobleman should be.

The remainder of the coopers, besides receiving suitable rewards from the king for their services at Aljubarroto, were the frequent recipients of Vasco's generosity. Their old master never forgot them; and whenever he and Elvira resided at the quinta de Alcõa—which was their favorite abode, when not at court—it was an invariable rule for the coopers to assemble there every Sunday afternoon to dine.

THE END.

WHY SHE RAN AWAY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Three or four ladies were conversing on a recent event in social life.

"Another runaway match," said one, introducing the subject.

"You refer to Laura Wilton?"

"Yes. Isn't she a pretty one! What insanity! Nay; what wickedness! It has almost broken her mother's heart. And to throw herself away upon a man known to every body as inferior, and altogether unfit for the relation of husband to any woman of high-toned or delicate feelings. Now, aint these things unaccountable?"

"I am told, that Mr. Wilton is furious," remarked another. "My husband talked with him yesterday, and he says the way he went on was perfectly awful. He'll never own her again; if dying in the gutter, he will not pick her out. As for the young man Haight, he brands him with every term of infamy."

"I certainly should not like him for my son-in-law."

"Nor I."

"Nor I," ran round the circle.

"She was her father's idol."

"And her mother's."

"What *could* she have seen in him?" asked one. "To me, he was always most repulsive."

"There is no accounting for tastes."

"Well, well, well! We live in a strange world. Love's an enigma."

"Love! You don't imagine there was any love in the case!"

"Love of money in his case, mayhap," was answered.

"No doubt of that. But, I was thinking of Laura."

"No external advantages were offered; so, there must have been love."

"It is no mystery to me," said one of the ladies, who had not before spoken. "The cause of this unhappy event lies with the now angry and afflicted parents. They alone, as I read the matter, are to blame."

"How?"

"In not making home the pleasantest place on earth for their child."

"I am surprised at your remark," was rejoined. "I thought their's a model home."

"It is perfect as to the material form; but, I have been there often enough to know that the soul is wanting. Mr. Wilton is a hard man, and lives for himself. There is nothing genial and sympathetic about him. His life in the world absorbs him. At home, he is silent, moody, captious, fault-finding. Always standing on guard to repel some invasion—and suspicious of invasion where none is contemplated. His children are not drawn to him by the attraction of genuine love, but stand, for the most part, at a distance, and, when near, are never sure of tenderness, or forbearance. If they annoy him—and he is easily annoyed—sharp words drop quickly from his tongue; and the mother is hurt by these almost as often as the children.

"If Mrs. Wilton were a large-hearted woman, self-disciplined, and clear-seeing, the hardness of her husband's rule in the household might have received hopeful ameliorations. But she is not. While there is much to admire in her character, she lacks many things. Chiefest, a mind wisely instructed, and, as I have already intimated, clearly seeing. Thoughts, with her, move in a narrow circle, and so cut their impressions deeper and deeper, giving an almost unchangeable deposit of ideas, which you, nor I, nor any one else, no matter how erroneous they may be, can set aside. She regards her children with more pride than love; and thence has striven to perfect them for the eyes of the world. She knows how to adorn their persons with an almost faultless grace; but, is so ignorant of human nature, and the fundamental things on which a truly harmonious character is based, that she has failed in those mental and moral adornments out of which alone the most beautiful and loveable external things can be wrought. Too conscious that they are not perfect; daily feeling the jar of inharmonious things; daily seeing deformity of character where she had looked for beauty, she is all the while checking, reproving, remonstrating, hindering. And so, life never comes to fullness in the children, without hurting repressions. They are all the while in stays so tightly laced, that their hearts can never leap in natural pulsations. In such a home, Laura grew up to young womanhood; and what then? Were the trial days past? Alas, no! In comparison with what had preceded, the trial days were just beginning. Laura, briefly visiting, felt the sphere of other homes, saw the loving confidence, so genuine that no mistake as to its quality was possible, which threw its soft bonds around mothers and daughters, and laid fathers' hands, with a tenderness that drew tears to her eyes, amid sunny tresses. Without love at home, our daughters, who are taking on the crown of womanhood, will seek for it abroad. It is a necessity of their lives. They yearn for it—dream of it—picture its delights. Alas! How often do they mistake the signs, and accept calculating selfishness for holy love."

"What Laura has done I greatly fear," said one of the company.

"Time will prove," answered the lady who had spoken at length. "If so, the responsibility lies with her parents. I pity, but do not severely blame Laura."

"I blame any child who deceives and disobeys her parents as she has done," was spoken with warmth by one of the ladies, who had a daughter just about Laura's age. "And I must confess to some surprise at your justification of an act which all condemn."

"Did I justify the act?" was mildly asked.

"That is my understanding of the words."

"I said that I did not severely blame, nor do I. To judge rightly of any act, all the influence brought to bear upon the actor must be considered. All runaway matches are not to be laid to account of perverse self will, low proclivities, or a blind wantonness of fancy. Oftener, in the unreasonable selfishness of parents, we may find the true cause. If we require more than a child can give, is the child censurable for disappointing us? Parents too often forget that their daughters have hearts like other women—hearts that yearn for love, and which cannot always be satisfied with merely home loves. Alas for some of them, who, like Laura, have been starved on the semblances of love at home, until the soul is almost mad with its gnawing hunger. Can we wonder, when tempting food is offered to such, that they overleap all restraints in reaching it; or that, in too many instances, they find a serpent among the viands, or a bitter juice in the bloomy clusters that lured them to pluck and eat?

"The case of Laura is peculiarly instructive. Let us look at it closer, and take the lesson to heart, for we, too, have daughters. As she grew to womanhood her parents saw that she was beautiful, and knew that she would attract in society. And so with a jealous care, unguided by any just knowledge of human nature, or even by common sense, they began the work of keeping her back. They denied her the style of clothing in which young girls of her age were indulged, trying to veil, under plain, almost homely attire, the blossoming beauty that was spreading itself in life's advancing spring-time. They put hindrances in the way of her visiting young friends of her own sex, because they feared she would meet some fortune-hunter or other unworthy person at neighbors' houses, and thus have their treasure placed in jeopardy. On all sides she was hindered and trammelled. On all sides her freedom was touched. Life was burdensome at home, not buoyant. A hand lay heavy on her bosom, that was only lifted when she escaped from home. And so she was ready to escape under any pretense that offered. The true antidote to this was to make home more attractive; but instead, impatient remonstrance, offended looks, commands and restrictions were substituted for that law of love which can alone bind children in trusting confidence and obedience. About this time a young man named Hermione, who had met Laura a few times, called to see her."

"He is worth forty of Haight," said one of the company. "I know him well."

"But has neither wealth nor social position; and that would never do for Mr. and Mrs. Wilton."

"They would be thankful to-day if he were in the place of Haight."

"Probably. Well, as I was saying, Mr. Hermione called one evening, and asked for Laura. She went to the parlor, and was conversing with him, when her father, who had learned from a servant the visitor's name, stepped to the door and said: 'My child, your mother wishes to see you.' As Laura left the room, Mr. Wilton addressed, very coldly, the young man: 'You must excuse my daughter this evening.' Stung to the quick, the proud, sensitive visitor left the house, and never ventured to return. His heart was not sufficiently interested in Laura to pursue her under circumstances that must involve trouble, humiliation, and a degree of angry excitement he had no wish to encounter. I think, from what I have heard, that Laura was strongly drawn towards this young man; and I am sure he would have made her a good husband. Another gentleman, quite worthy to claim her hand, was treated almost as badly. Haight, who meant to succeed from the outset, and who had nothing of Hermione's fine quality of feeling, advanced more cautiously, and played his role with the subtle skill of an actor who knows human nature. He made sure of Laura's heart before encountering her parents. His well assumed tenderness—(I do not, you see, give him credit for genuine love, though in this I may not be just;) his warmth of devotion; his pictures of the sweet life that would be theirs in the rosy-hued future—with all the attractive images an ardent lover can represent before the charmed eyes of a maiden—bewildered and captivated a soul, hungry, as I have before said, for the aliment of love.

"Try, in excuse for Laura's fault, to comprehend her position; and, in blaming, let censure fall on those who are most guilty. Thus it was when Mr. Haight made formal application for her hand. I need hardly say what followed. He was angrily and insultingly repulsed. Reason and common sense both seemed to forsake the parents when it became known to them that Laura favored the suit. She was hurt by cruel words; threatened madly; forced to listen to bitter assaults on one who had been all tenderness and seeming truth to her—told that she must cast him off utterly, or accept perpetual alienation from her parents. With all this, and more, the poor girl was stunned; her love trampled on ruthlessly, as an unholy thing. And what resulted? In despair of losing what had become dearer to her than life, she accepted the issue—as, maybe, you or I would have done—and risked all consequences."

"And you approve the act?"

"I did not say so. The things that lie behind this marriage, which has surprised so many, are hidden from most people; and this is why so many wonder and blame. I have given you the facts, and from these judge where the censure most belongs. I do not place it at Laura's door. She, poor child, is more sinned against than sinning, as have been too many who ventured on a like hazardous step. And here I give it as my opinion, that in four cases out of five, the actual blame of a runaway match lies with the parents and not with the child."

And few soberly reflecting minds will reach a different conclusion.

THE BLACK HORSE BEELZEBUB;

OR,

THE POWER OF GENTLENESS.

BY MARY ORME.

I was one of the most timid and quiet young girls that ever grew from infancy to womanhood in a quiet village, close to a quiet church, and a more quiet grave-yard. I was seventeen when I fell in love with the village school master, Arbaces Alden. He was called Arb Alden by many persons, but no one ventured to call him by any appellation except Mr. Alden to his face. He was just twice my age, and no mortal knew that I had the terrible temerity to aspire to this grave and reverend seignor. He was very kind and attentive to me as a teacher, for I was a good scholar, and it was no light work to hear my lessons, answer my questions, and lead me onward in the paths of learning.

At the period of which I write, I was a shy girl, small of my age, with brown hair, deep blue eyes, a grey tint in my complexion, and hardly any rose color in my face.

"None would look at her the second time unless they saw the light in her eye, but 'she has that within a name will win.'"

This was said *sotto voce* to Mr. Edwards, the clergyman, who was visiting our school, and only the great silence induced by this august presence caused me to overhear it. I felt a shrinking sense of dishonor and a thrilling joy when I had heard it. *He* thought well of me. The man I had worshipped afar off, saw under my unattractive exterior the promise of future distinction. My heart beat wildly, my head swam, my pale cheek burned, and my heaving bosom flushed, and then came the saddening question, Would he love me because of this prophecy of power? Young as I was, I knew that pretty, amiable fools were more attractive to great men than women who were their equals.

"Miss Scott," said the master, with his full, manly voice. I started as if a gun had been discharged by my ear.

"Miss Amelia," said he, tenderly.

"There is nothing to be frightened at," said the clergyman, mildly.

"Will you read, Miss Scott?"

I took the book. He had selected Collins' Ode to the Passions. It was an enigma to me when I was myself, and I was "out of my mind" then. I read, however, and Mr. Edwards praised me. I then had to parse a sentence in Pope's Essay, and then to tell how many hemispheres and continents there were, and the principal rivers and mountains of the globe, to define the location of Trafalgar, Waterloo, and St. Helena. At the close of this very intellectual display, Mr. Edwards advised me to attend the Academy, of which he and his wife were principals, at the close of Mr. Alden's term, which included one autumn, three winter, and one spring month.

This was very pleasant advice. It was balm to my ambitious spirit, but there was a deeper prayer in my heart than for fame. It was the prayer for love. Mrs. Edwards had a beautiful sister. Rumor said that Mr. Alden was attentive to her. She was a lovely coquette, but she had no ability for those pursuits in which I excelled. Still, when I compared the pure rose and lily of her complexion, the merry brightness of her eyes, the grace of her form, and the witchery of her manners, with my own russet grey self, I shrank away from the world in which she lived.

The current of common life swept me onward, and at the close of Mr. Alden's school I became an inmate of the Academy. Here I was essentially alone. No one knew the heart that smouldered and burned, rather than beat, in my bosom.

I soon found that Mr. Edwards gave only his name to the school. His wife was principal, teacher and assistant, though her husband was professedly the first, and Miss Carrie Dunstan was professedly the last. Miss Dunstan was Mrs. Edward's sister, and in the estimation of the unco good a sad scamp she was, if that appellation is ever feminine.

My next discovery was that Mrs. Edwards could not teach me—I was much the better scholar, and this fact awakened the lady's jealousy, or envy, or some naughty passion, and she treated me very badly. I found myself substantially without a teacher, and a desperate plan evolved itself in my mind. Mr. Alden had a sort of Paradise just outside our village. It was a farm of thirty acres, mostly fruit orchard, nursery and flower-garden. He had a hermitage embosomed among beautiful trees, and what was as great a charm to me as anything in his surroundings, he had a half dozen of the finest horses in the State. I had heard much of them, and I had seen something—I had seen a sort of airy apparition of a trotter, called Sylph, that carried Mr. Alden in a light little affair upon two wheels, as if the wind were drawing him, and then he had a stately pair of greys that looked like some dark, purple grey rock, flecked with white sea-foam. These were named Damon and Pythias, but the most wonderful of his equine possessions was a black horse of high mettle and great power, and such dispositions as had given him the name of Beelzebub.

No one ever drove, or even approached the black horse Beelzebub, but Mr. Alden, and his dominion over the animal gave rise to a popular belief that he was a sort of Invincible, who could drive—anything in harness.

But all this is not telling the story of my logical difficulties. Somehow I had always the opinion that knowledge is common property, and that whoever had more than I owed me a debt of help and instruction. Acting upon this belief, with a desperate courage entirely foreign to my timid habits in all things else, I formed the resolution to take my logic, and go directly to Mr. Alden. How well I remember the time, though years, bright and dark, have intervened. It was Saturday—a balmy June afternoon, when the air was heavy with the perfume of apple blossoms.

I walked along the borders to Mr. Alden's grounds, thinking what an earthly paradise, and thinking with bitterness—I must own the fact—of the beautiful Miss Dunstan.

"She will be at home amongst all this beauty, a rarer and a sweeter flower than blooms here," these thoughts forced themselves into my mind. I was sad. I was jealous and I was bitter, but in all this I admired Miss Dunstan. The mingled sweetness and bitterness of my heart absorbed me. I did not study as I walked, as was my usual habit. Suddenly I was aroused from my reverie, by the appearance of Mr. Alden on the wonderful black horse.

He checked him a little and spoke to me.

"Are you going to the Hermitage?" said he.

I said yes, and held up my book.

"Ah, I see, you want me to chop your logic for you. I can't stop to speak to you. My horse objects to stopping, and objects to strangers, and as he is master, you see I must obey,' and he curled his lip in scorn of the fact.

He rode by my side as he spoke, the beautiful horse uneasily moving his small ears back and forth, and wishing to take his own speed.

"Go round to the small gate, and make yourself at home in the garden. I will make the circuit of the grounds to please Bel, and be at home in a few minutes." How that horse attracted me. I liked the pretty abbreviation of his bad name, and I liked him. I was always at home with a horse, especially if he were of noble blood. I saw the disposition of this horse in his eyes, and I knew him for a genuine good fellow, despite his bad name. I would have agreed to ride him after half an hour's petting him in my own fashion. And yet it was plain that the horse was Mr. Alden's master.

Timid as I was, it had never occurred to me that I could fear a horse. I walked toward the house, but waited on the lawn for the return of the black horse, with the feeling that I had found a friend, and wished to make his acquaintance. It seemed but a moment before Mr. Alden swept up to the lawn, where I was standing, and threw himself off the horse. He patted the proudly arched neck, he said pleasant words, but Bel did not seem pleased. He endured the caresses of his master, but he manifested no disposition to return them. His manner said as plainly as words; "I could love you, but you have beaten me. You have sought for mastery by blows—blows that will never be forgotten."

"May I take the bridle, sir?" said I to Mr. Alden.

He shuddered.

"Keep your distance from Bel," said he, "or you will find out what his real name is."

"I am used to horses, and have been since I was a child."

"I know you have some pretty hard horses, but you have never seen such a specimen as Bel. He never forgives."

"Then he should never be injured," said I, going up to him, and smoothing his glossy neck. He turned his head gently and lovingly toward me. Mr. Alden glanced warningly at me.

"Miss Scott," said he, severely, "I warn you not to trust this horse."

I only went closer to the noble fellow. In three minutes Bel had kissed me—in ten minutes his head rested on my shoulder, as if he had been for years my pet.

"I wish I had a side saddle," said I.

Mr. Alden fairly trembled, though he tried to seem calm and unconcerned.

"You surely would not attempt to ride a horse that no man ever rode but myself, and who was subdued by a whip of wire."

"Mr. Alden," said I, all my natural timidity gone, as entirely as if I had never felt it, "you have cruelly wronged this noble horse. He does not love you—I would never forgive you if I were him—I am no more afraid of him than if he were a kitten."

I led him to a rustic seat as I spoke, and stepping upon it, quickly sprang upon his back. I knew I must be in haste, or Mr. Alden would not suffer me to ride. I gave Bel the rein, and he started as proudly, as gracefully and swiftly as possible.

A musical laugh, and the clapping of hands, saluted me from an upper window. I did not know that the Hermitage had any other inhabitant than an old deaf housekeeper and Mr. Alden. But I had no time to look toward the house—Bel was going like the easiest cradle in the world; the air was rushing past me like a fierce wind, and this gave me an idea of the speed with which I was being carried away. I tried to turn him. He obeyed the rein so gently and quickly that I determined to enjoy my ride. I had no care for a side saddle, except for appearances, for I had learned to ride on a man's saddle, and my dress was quite in keeping. At the end of three miles it occurred to me that I must return, to relieve Mr. Alden from anxiety. Bel went more swiftly toward home, and in fifteen minutes from the time we started we were on the lawn in front of the Hermitage. Mr. Alden stood where I had left him, his arms folded, his face as pale as marble, and beside him were his sister and Miss Dunstan. I dismounted, and gave him the rein, and then I passed my hands over Bel's neck, and said kind words to him, as if I were certain that he knew their meaning. Again he leaned his head on my shoulder, and when I put up my hand he kissed it gallantly.

"You are a trump," cried Miss Dunstan; "you little gray wren of a girl, who would thought it of you!" and then, turning to Mr. Alden: "Arb Alden," said she, "I always said you were a tyrant; and tyrants make slaves, but never lovers. Amelia has conquered Beelzebub, and that is what you can never do, unless you change hearts with her. I advise you to do that same, else Bel will always be your master."

Miss Alden looked alarmed, that such an impertinent speech should be addressed to her brother, but Miss Dunstan did not notice that. She ruled men as I ruled Bel.

"Let Miss Amelia lead Bel to the close, and take off his bridle. He ought to feel grateful to her for a little more kindness," said she.

I took the rein, and led the horse to the gate of the close; when I had removed the bridle, he took out the pin that fastened the gate with his teeth. It swung open. He put the pin in the hole from which he had taken it, and walked through the gate. I shut it, and then he came and laid his nose upon the bar of the gate, as if to say, "Good bye, if you must go."

"Come with me to the garden," said Miss Dunstan in a wilful way, peculiar to herself—"Mr. Alden wants to see Ellen. I have parted brother and sister all the afternoon. I can afford to make amends now, as I can have your company.

I thought Mr. Alden looked very cross, as she led me away, but she did not heed him. She never heeded any one, unless it was her pleasure to do so.

When we were in the garden she said:

"Little lady-bird, I have something to say to you. Arb. wanted you to stay. I wanted you to come with me—I have been making your acquaintance these five weeks past, and I love you dearly."

I looked up in surprised gratitude.

"You had no idea of it. I knew you had not. I have a great deal to tell you, and we can't stay here long, and be civil."

"I beg you will not take notice of me, if you think it will offend Mr. Alden."

"What do I care for Mr. Alden, little Miss Simpleton? It is his darling sister that I care for. She is good, and sweet, and I want to be civil to her."

"Then let us return," said I.

"Not till I have said my say—I told you just now, that I love you."

I looked my thanks.

"And now I tell you that you are a fool to come to our Academy, (what a misnomer) where you can learn nothing, and where you are systematically snubbed and slighted. I hate the whole thing, except yourself, and I am determined you shall not come another day. You think I am to marry Arb. Alden, and live among the flowers in Hermitage. I am going to do no such thing. He is just like Bel. He must find his master. I never intended to marry him, but I have found out that he loves you. I have seen him the last twenty minutes trembling like an aspen leaf, and then pale as paper. He loves you, and you can conquer him, as you have conquered his horse. Carry your logic home child. He will come to you. You will have no need to come to him. Now we must go. Remember three things: First that I love you"—she put her arm around my waist, and kissed me tenderly;—"next that you are to marry Arb. Alden, and third that you will become famous, if you don't give up to blankets and pins, what is due to poems, and all those fine things, that I like sometimes, when I have not something better to do with myself. You love new books, I love new bonnets. You love poetry, I love pretty dresses. You love Arb. Alden with all your heart, and I love my liberty, better than any man who lives. Now, dear, go home, after having said some stammering words, about your logic, and good evening, and all that.

She hurried me back, my face and neck burning with blushes.

"Here is your pupil, Alden; but it is too late to break through a Hedge, so you must let the little girl go home, and come again, especially as she is embarrassed about stealing your horse."

Miss Dunstan covered my retreat admirably with her light words, and I went home in a deeper and sweeter dream than I had in my coming.

The next day Mr. Alden came to see about my lessons. It was agreed that I should be his pupil, and that he should come daily. I instinctively shrank from going to the Hermitage for my lessons. A month passed, and he never spoke of love. Then he spoke to me of Miss Dunstan.

"I hear that she is engaged to your brother Joseph," said he.

"She is not engaged, but I think she loves Joseph," said I.

"She has no heart, and will never love any one," said Mr. Alden, bitterly.

"I am sure you are mistaken. She would have loved you, but you were too severe. You were severe to Bel, and she feared you. I should fear you too if you were not gentle to me."

He looked down into my face with an expression of love in its very fulness. "Amelia—darling," said he, "you have saved me from my natural sternness and severity. The lesson you gave me with that horse, will last me my life time. You have melted my heart. I admired Miss Dunstan's beauty. I should have been proud of her as my wife. But I never loved her; I am gentle to you, darling, because I love you, and I can be gentle to all the world for your dear sake.

He pressed me to his heart, and I was proud and happy in my power. The timid, little girl, without beauty, that "none would look at the second time, unless they saw the light in her eye," had conquered Beelzebub, and won the heart of the man she had in secret worshipped.

"Can you ever learn to love an old fellow like me?" said he, and his voice trembled with emotion.

"I can love you without learning," said I, my heart well nigh breaking with happiness. When I had learned to bear my joy, I told him how long and how well I had loved him.

The Hermitage has been many years my home, and my husband has ever been the gentlest of men. Miss Dunstan became the wife of my brother, and a more affectionate and prudent wife never cherished the husband of her choice.

SOWING AND REAPING.

BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE STEPMOTHER," "MINNIGREY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LIII.

> "On all the line a sudden vengeance waits;
> And frequent hearses shall besiege their gates;
> There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
> Whilst the long funeral blackens all the way,
> 'Lo! these are they whose breasts the furies steeled,
> And cursed with hearts unknowing how to yield.'
> Thus, unlamented, pass the proud away,
> The gaze of fools, the pageant of a day."
> POPE.

The sensation created by the death of Sir Jasper Mansell extended beyond the City. It was a nine days' wonder; all London rang with it. Parliament being closed, it was quite a godsend for the press; for, in those days, monster gooseberries and extraordinary strawberries had not arrived at the importance they have attained at the present time. A careful observer may predict the announcement of them in the papers with as much certainty as astronomers calculate the return of a comet, or the event of an eclipse. The *Morning Puff* headed the melancholy intelligence with "Extraordinary Death of a Great City Banker;" the *Age*, "Mysterious Occurrence;" *John Bull* and the *Sunday Monitor*, "Dreadful Accident." The *Times*, with its usual tact, merely gave the fact of the boronet's decease, unaccompanied by detail or comment.

At the inquest—which was exceedingly well managed by the lawyers—it was stated that Sir Jasper, having occasion to visit the bank at a late hour, in order to remove certain papers left in his private room, had been shot by the superannuated porter, Mark Chambers, who mistook him for a robber, and who immediately after expired of grief and horror, on discovering his mistake.

The cripple, Jem, was carefully kept out of the way. Neither Harold nor Mr. Imray were called. Sir Augustus, and one or two of the clerks, were the only witnesses summoned; and the verdict, as a natural result, was "Accidental homicide."

Many rejoiced at it, although but few believed it.

The funeral, which took place from Lombard street, was as magnificent as velvet plumes, mutes and marshalmen, hatbands and crape, could make it. After the mourning coaches, a long string of private carriages followed, together with a deputation from the company of which Sir Jasper had been a member.

Even Uncle Zac. so far vanquished his repugnance as to accompany the body to its last resting-place. He rode in the same coach with Harold; but no inducement could prevail on him to permit Harry to pay a similar mark of *respect to appearances.*

"It is enough for one of us to act the hypocrite," he observed. "Her grandchild" (alluding to his wife) "shall not act a lie. He is innocent. I merit the humiliation."

It was a cold, bleak day on which the pageant passed slowly through the City. The poor gazed upon it with vague curiosity; to them it was a spectacle like the Lord Mayor's procession, and nothing more. The name of the dead was unknown to them. Whilst living, Sir Jasper had never sympathized with their sufferings and wants; his charities were *advertisement* ones, proclaimed at public dinners, amid the applause of well-fed popularity-hunters, published the next morning in the papers, and forgotten before the printer's ink was dry—a memory fleeting as an epitaph written upon sand.

Rising merchants and ambitious traders paused for an instant in their hot chase of gain to cast a look of envy on the load of gold-dust being conveyed to its final resting-place—Death's mint—the grave. Not one of them asked himself what kind of inscription the stern old moneyer would strike upon the metal after he had smelted and tested it; they thought only of the quantity, which they set down, with a sigh, at a million at the very least.

No allowance for the alloy.

At the conclusion of the funeral service, the clergyman, a well-meaning man, spoke, as is usual, a few brief words of consolation to the relatives of the deceased, pointing out to them that they were not to grieve as men without hope.

When he addressed himself to Uncle Zac. the retired drysalter assured him, with a grim smile, that he was not grieving in the least.

The reverend gentleman looked and, no doubt, felt inexpressibly shocked, and in his own mind set the speaker down as a Dissenter. He could not comprehend any member of the family not grieving for one to whom they had given a first-class funeral, and who was followed to the grave by so many private carriages. He must have been a good man.

And so he was, in the City sense of the word. But it was a relief to all the mourners when they saw his body safely consigned to the grave. Sir Augustus, tired of acting the part of a sorrowing son, thought only of the will. Our hero and Zac. felt as if they were acting a lie—to minds like theirs, almost as deep a humiliation as speaking one.

Instead of returning to the bank at the conclusion of the funeral, the members of the family—the Rhimers and the Rays merely sent their carriages—were conveyed to the residence of the late baronet in Portman square, to hear the will read. Neither Lady Mansell nor her daughters were present. But three persons, beside the lawyer who drew it up, were seated in the drawing-room—the present baronet, Harold, and the drysalter—when the former broke the seal.

As it would tire our readers, in all probability, to give the entire contents, we shall merely refer the principal clauses.

To his widow the deceased banker bequeathed the sum of one thousand pounds, as a mark of his affection—the phrase was the lawyer's—considering her amply provided for already by her jointure. A suppressed cry of indignation was distinctly heard in the small drawing-room adjoining the one in which the will was being read—her ladyship had been listening.

To his daughters, Sir Jasper left fifty thousand pounds each.

We should like to have seen a photograph of Georgianna, when she heard the amount of her legacy. As a study to the physiognomist, it would have proved invaluable. Scorn, anger, and disappointment quickly effaced the conventional signs of grief in her really handsome features. Knowing her father's wealth, she expected double the sum, at the very least. Jane—the meek and gentle Jane—on the contrary, felt embarrassed at the sudden accession of fortune. She had never speculated on riches; the death-bed of Sir Jasper had convinced her how powerless they were to insure real happiness.

"Handsome! very handsome, indeed!" ejaculated their brother, as the lawyer paused to recover breath, after reading thus much of the will. In his selfishness, he fully anticipated that the rest of the personal property, together with the banking business, had been bequeathed to him; the landed estates, being entailed, he knew to be his already.

"Proceed, sir," said Mr. Imray to the man of law.

The gentleman read as follows:

"To my nephew, Harold Mansell, in token of my grateful sense of his high worth and integrity, as well as to express my contrition for the neglect shown to his father, I leave the sum of fifty-nine thousand pounds, seventeen shillings, and eight-pence."

This was the exact amount recovered from the rapacious clutches of Mr. Harper.

"Preposterous!" exclaimed his cousin, starting from his chair, his countenance at the same time flushing deeply. "My father must have been mad when he diverted so large a sum from his natural heirs."

"Proceed, sir," repeated Mr. Imray, a second time.

"I shall dispute it," added the baronet, spitefully.

"There will be no need to do so, cousin," observed our hero, with simple dignity. "You cannot be more surprised than I am at my late uncle's liberality. There has been nothing on my part to merit it. It is both unexpected and undeserved. I renounce it."

The lawyer nearly let fall the will in the excess of his astonishment. Renounce a legacy of fifty-nine thousand pounds!

"You will act both honorably and wisely," replied Sir Augustus, in a tone rather less haughty.

"No doubt," said Uncle Zac., with a sarcastic smile. "What a pity that Harold cannot carry out his generous intention."

"I do not understand you, uncle."

"*He is under age*," added the drysalter.

The baronet bit his lips, and resumed his seat in dignified silence.

If disappointed in what he had hitherto heard, the concluding portion of his father's will was destined to gall him yet more deeply. Sir Jasper directed the affairs of the bank to be wound up, and the proceeds added to his vast funded property; the same to be held in trust, and applied to the improvement of the estates.

The trust to cease on the death of the present possessor of the title.

"Infamous and unnatural!" exclaimed the infuriated heir. "I can guess whose influence dictated that arrangement."

"Whose?" demanded Mr. Imray.

"My cousin's."

"Ridiculous!" replied his relative; "how can Harold profit by it? You are young, just married, and, in all probability, will have a family. He has no prospect of succeeding to the title."

At this observation our hero could not conceal his astonishment; it had never struck him before that he was even in the line of succession.

"I have debts—my father well knew I had need——"

"If Sir Augustus will only have a little patience," interrupted the lawyer, respectfully, "there is a clause respecting them."

"A clause!"

"Giving a discretionary power to the executor and trustee to discharge them out of the personal property, provided no attempt is made to dispute the will of my late respected client."

"I shall dispute it," exclaimed the baronet, haughtily.

"In that case," observed the man of law, "the power of executor and trustee is withdrawn. It is absolutely conditional."

"And the plate, jewels, pictures?" muttered Sir Augustus Mansell.

"Heirlooms!" repeated the lawyer. "Mr. Imray is sole executor and trustee."

The disappointed heir regarded his aged relative, as if mentally calculating his span of life.

"With power," added the speaker, who appeared to read his thoughts, "of appointing a successor in both capacities."

This was too much—the cup of wrath was full; and, to prevent its overflowing, which something in the calm, stern air of Uncle Zac. warned him might prove dangerous, the baronet rushed from the room, to vent his impotent fury in the presence of his mother and Georgianna.

They, he knew, would sympathize with him.

"Harold," said the drysalter, as they were about to quit the house together, "we have just witnessed a painful scene. Such is the result of grasping too greedily after riches. Bad as he was in other respects, Sir Jasper proved himself an indulgent father to his children, and yet not a tear! scarcely an affectation of regret."

"Falling into the old style again, sir," interrupted our hero, with a faint smile; "I thought you had abandoned it forever."

"And so I have," replied Mr. Imray. "The reflection was made without bitterness; and after all, what else could be expected? The school in which he trained them was a bad one. "*As we sow so shall we reap*," he added. "There is a terrible truth in the warning. If it fails to reach us in our lives, it writes its judgment upon our graves, that posterity may read it. You almost made me angry," he continued, after a pause, "by your quixotic offer."

"I cannot regret having made it," observed the young man, seriously. "I have no desire for wealth acquired by dishonesty."

"Dishonesty!" repeated his companion. "You are in error; Jasper gained his fortune honorably enough. It was the sums he *lost* that led him into crime. The money he plundered the bank of would have been his by inheritance, had not the devil, speculation, tempted him."

Before Harold could reply, Lady Mansell's own footman came with a message from his mistress, begging that Mr. Imray would on no account quit the house without seeing her.

"More vanity, tears, passion, and injustice to listen to," thought the old man, as he reluctantly assented.

"You had better not confess to Signor Benetti what a foolish fellow you were about to make of yourself," he whispered to our hero, as he shook hands with him at parting, for he guessed where he was going. "It will not give him a very exalted idea of your prudence. All can judge the head," he added, "and but few the heart."

With his natural frankness, Harold Mansell at once acknowledged that he viewed the legacy his uncle had left him in a different light since he had heard the speaker's opinion on the subject, and with his young heart filled with happy thoughts hastened to pay a visit to Bianca, who had removed, together with her father, to a handsome house in one of the squares, adjoining Colonel Mordaunt's, which her uncle had taken. This arrangement enabled her to pass a considerable portion of her time with Clara, who still remained inconsolable for the loss of her brother Telbin, to discover whom active search had already been set on foot both by the Colonel and his agents.

When Mr. Imray entered the drawing-room, he found his niece and her daughter, dressed in the conventional garb of woe, seated on the sofa—not consoling, but keeping alive each other's wrath at the unexpected dispositions of Sir Jasper's last will and testament. Sir Augustus had informed them of the disposition of the property and the bequest to Harold, which excited their indignation even more strongly than their own personal disappointment.

"Uncle! dear uncle!" exclaimed her ladyship, throwing her arms around the neck of the retired drysalter, and kissing him before he was aware of her intention, "this is dreadful! awful!"

"A violent and sudden death is always so," observed the old man, seriously.

"Yes, certainly: very shocking!" replied the widow; "but I did not allude to that *alone*. The disposition of Jasper's property."

"Of what do you complain?"

"Complain! I have only three thousand a year, and with my rank to support."

"Fiddlestick to support!" interrupted her relative. "Many a peeress is less richly jointured. What could you do with more—*at your time of life, too?*"

Considering the lady was certainly not more than fifty, this did appear a little unreasonable.

"Then Georgianna," urged her mother. "Poor child! what a disappointment!"

At the mention of her own name, the young lady burst into a violent flood of tears. Strange to say, Uncle Zac. witnessed them with provoking indifference.

"No difficulty in finding a husband for her with fifty thousand pounds."

"*Finding a husband!*" repeated the heartless girl, with difficulty subduing her temper. "I expected to have been enabled to choose one."

"Choose one, then, if you like the word better."

"Uncle," said Lady Mansell, drying her tears, "this is all very well; you like to affect indifference to wealth; it suits your humor, and yet I know no man who is more careful of it. I am your brother's daughter—the nearest, and ought to be the dearest, relative you possess in the world."

"Ought you?" exclaimed her uncle, with one of his old, cynical smiles.

"Of course I ought," continued her ladyship "and was till that Harold came to breed dissension in the family. Mine and my daughter's interests cannot be indifferent to you."

"Neither are they, niece."

"You will assist us, then, to set aside this preposterous will?"

The old man made no reply.

"I ought to have had the family jewels for life, at the very least."

"Sixty thousand pounds to that upstart, Harold!" added Georgianna, spitefully.

"He deserved it," replied Mr. Imray, emphatically.

"You are infatuated with him, Uncle Zac."

"Not so much as you are prejudiced against him," retorted the drysalter, drily.

"Augustus does get his debts paid," said his sister.

"And the estates."

"Papa could not prevent that."

"Twelve thousand a year!" added her ladyship.

"And I only a paltry fifty thousand!" observed the young lady. "Quite enough for Jane, with her simple tastes and odd notions; but I am the eldest daughter, have been brought up with very different expectations, and had a right to expect more."

"And does Jane join in the request that I should lend my assistance to break her father's last will?" demanded Mr. Imray.

The ladies almost smiled at the simplicity of the speaker in asking such a question.

"You know, Uncle Zac.," replied Lady Mansell, "Jane never troubles her head about money matters—scarcely knows its use. She would have been content with anything. Singular girl! at times I scarcely know what to make of her; she has shut herself up in her own room all day—not a creature has seen her. She does not take after my side of the family."

"Evidently not," observed her relative.

He rose from his chair and rang the bell.

"Inform Sir Augustus Mansell that I wish to see him," he said to the footman who answered it.

The baronet very soon made his appearance. He had been waiting in the adjoining room to learn the result of his mother's and sister's influence with his uncle.

"Niece," said Mr. Imray, "there is one circumstance in the life of your late husband which most probably you are ignorant of. His son, perhaps, will inform you what it is. I leave the point to his discretion. There are others connected with myself personally which you are doubtless well acquainted with. I allude to the passing off of *my son* as the illegitimate offspring of my brother."

"I thought——" faltered her ladyship.

"Hear me out," interrupted the old man, without the slightest sign of anger; "I shall not detain you long. Harold has proved to me how cruelly my jealous credulity was abused—my domestic happiness destroyed. In restoring to me my grandson——"

"Why, the boy was drowned—lost at sea!" exclaimed Lady Mansell, thrown completely off her guard by the unexpected allusion to Harry.

"You knew it, then," said her relative, mournfully; "But I might have guessed as much. You are your father's child. In recovering my natural heir—for his cousin saved him from the fate to which Jasper and myself," he added, in a tone of the deepest remorse, "would have consigned him—any hopes you or your children might have entertained respecting my fortune were forever destroyed."

A dead silence followed this announcement. The blow proved as terrible as unexpected.

"You ask me to assist you in breaking your husband's will. I have no interest in it either one way or the other. To me it is not of the slightest consequence how his wealth has been disposed of; but believing the disposition of it to have been dictated by a late sense of justice, and the desire of making some atonement, I will uphold it to the last. If Sir Augustus thinks proper to make the attempt, I leave him to the mercy of his creditors; if you and your daughter try it, you shall find me prepared to meet you. Jane, I am sure, will be no party to it."

"Uncle, dear uncle!" sobbed her ladyship, starting a second time from the sofa with the intention of throwing her arms around his neck. Mr. Imray perceived her design, and, disgusted with her meanness and hypocrisy, turned his back upon her, and quitted the room.

"The brute!" she ejaculated, as he disappeared. "Augustus, you will never stand tamely by and see you: mother and sister treated thus shamefully?"

"My hands are tied!" muttered the baronet, gloomily.

"Tied!" repeated Georgianna, angrily. "Yes—tied by your debts!"

"After all, what have *you* to complain of?" demanded her brother. "You are well provided for—exceedingly well—each of you!"

This observation aroused the anger of both mother and sister. The former alluded to the fortune she had brought her husband, the latter reproached him with his extravagance, which had left him at the mercy of a vindictive old fool, as she designated dear Uncle Zac., and a violent quarrel ensued between them.

"If you must know the truth," exclaimed Sir Augustus, greatly excited, "my father was both a thief and a murderer. In shooting him, Mark Chambers avenged the death of his son; and now the secret is out. Your vanity and ridiculous pride, in treating the Harpers as you did, brought about the discovery. Harold and Zac. possess the proofs."

He would have continued, but Lady Mansell had fainted.

The next day a consultation, at which several eminent counsel assisted, was held, to ascertain whether or not it would be advisable to attack the will of the deceased baronet, which might have been done without making Sir Augustus a party to the suit.

With every disposition to find a flaw in it, for the estate would have borne some clipping, the lawyers for once gave an honest opinion, and decided in the negative, to the great annoyance of Lady Mansell and her eldest daughter.

One point alone decided them. In the event of failure, the costs must have fallen upon them, the son and second daughter declining to have anything to do with legal proceedings.

For once the serpent and the dove were of accord.

Uncle Zac. heard the result without expressing either surprise or pleasure. In the deep contentment he experienced at having recovered his grandson, who was daily winding himself around his heart, the old man forgot almost his resentment. He had already made an arrangement with one of the great banking-houses to wind up the affairs of the firm in Lombard street, and looked forward to retiring to his long-abandoned home at Bampton Park, but first he wished to render it suitable for the reception of his now acknowledged heir.

Wealth, it is well known, will work miracles, second only to those achieved by the wonderful lamp of Aladdin. It can raise up almost as quickly, and as quickly destroy. A small army of workmen were sent down, and in a few weeks everything was pronounced ready.

Although Harry began to feel sincerely attached to his grandfather, he was not altogether happy. The change had been too sudden; the old house in Cannon-street appeared duller than his lodgings at Mrs. Page's; he missed his studio, and, above all, the kind, familiar faces of those he loved.

"You appear sad," observed Mr. Imray to him one morning, as they were seated at breakfast.

"I feel so, sir," was the truthful, honest answer.

His relative smiled; he loved him the better, perhaps, for his frankness.

"This solitary existence will soon end; in ten days we remove to Bampton Park."

An involuntary sigh accompanied this announcement. The speaker recollected the happy hours he had passed there with his wife and son. Harry noticed it, and guessed the nature of the thoughts that prompted it.

"Not if it will give you pain, sir," he replied.

"It will give me pain," replied Mr. Imray.

"Then we will not go."

The old man regarded him earnestly; and, after a pause, observed that it was "one of the finest seats in England."

"I care but little for splendor!" exclaimed the youth; "in fact, I scarcely know the meaning of the word. Why should we not remain here? You are accustomed to this house—feel at home in it?"

"And you?"

"Shall doubtless do so in time, if——"

Harry hesitated.

"If what?" demanded the old man, kindly.

"If I had the friends of my youth around me—Harold, whom I love as a brother, for he proved one to me; Tom Mayfield, Clara, Bianca, and poor Telbin. I fear you will think me ungrateful, sir," he added; "but I would rather that you blamed me for coldness than deceit."

"For neither," said Mr. Imray. "I have been selfish in my affection. In the desire of gaining a place in your heart, I forgot how little I had to offer in return—wealth, nothing but wealth!"

"Does kindness count for nothing, sir?" exclaimed his grandson. "Be more just to yourself and to me. My love for my early friends does not preclude affection for you; the heart has room for all."

"It has—it has!" exclaimed the old man. "I have been, perchance, weak, foolish, and unjust; but I will atone for it, boy. In ten days we start for Bampton."

"Since you wish it."

"I do, I do. You shall find on your arrival that I have not forgotten your wish. Trust to my affection, it will never deceive you."

Mr. Imray kept his word.

CHAPTER LIV.

When through life unblessed we rove,
Losing all that makes life dear,
Should the strain we used to love
In days of childhood meet our ear,
Oh, how sadly breathes the strain:
Wakening thoughts that long have slept,
Kindling former smiles again
In faded eyes that long have wept. MOORE.

On the arrival of Colonel Mordaunt and his daughter in England, the first care of the former had been to visit his agent; from whom he learnt the gratifying fact that the old nurse, Ann Betts, had been discovered, with the certificate of his marriage still in her possession.

"Everything will be easy then," exclaimed the soldier, with an expression of contentment. "The legitimacy of my children will be established, and their fortune wrenched from the rapacious grasp of their unnatural uncle."

Mr. —— made no reply.

"You cannot doubt it," added his client.

"In law, my dear Colonel, there is but little certain. The recovery of the certificate, no doubt, is a step in the right direction; unfortunately, it is only a step. Two things more are wanting."

"And they?" said his visitor.

"Are the discovery of your son, and the evidence of the clergyman who performed the ceremony."

"I believe that he is dead," replied the colonel, gloomily."

"Are there no other witnesses?"

"But one—his servant. You will find the name attached to the certificate."

With disheartened spirits the father returned to his home, where he found Clara and her lover, who was vainly endeavoring to console her for the loss of her brother. The affectionate girl would not hear of marrying till he was restored to her.

"You know I would not trifle with your feelings," she replied to his solicitations; "but happiness would be a reproach to me whilst his fate remained uncertain. Judging from the past, Mr. Parfit appears capable of any atrocity."

Poor Tom looked terribly disappointed, and yet he secretly approved her resolution.

"Clara," he said, "I can give but one proof more of my devotion—a painful one, because it entails separation from you. I am no longer the simple, ignorant youth you first knew, but experienced in the ways of the world. The last few months have taught me more of its crimes than I should have suspected in a century passed in the country. I will devote myself to the discovery of Telbin. Should I succeed, success and your smiles shall prove my best reward."

Clara threw herself into his arms, and thanked him by her tears.

"Should I fail?" he added, mournfully.

"You will not be the less dear to me," replied the grateful girl. "I fear that I am selfish in my sorrow. You have other claims—parents, who live but in their son."

"They are aware of my intention," replied the young man. "Clara," he added, "I forgot to tell you that they have disposed of the dairy, and are about to return to their native village at Lowelstree. They have found out—what, but for their love for me, they must have long since suspected—that London is no place for them."

The change in her position from poverty to affluence, had produced no other feeling than gratitude in the heart of the high-minded girl. Pride had no place in it; and the fact of the Mayfields giving up business was a point of perfect indifference to her.

Not so to Colonel Mordaunt; he heard it with satisfaction.

The rest of the day was occupied by the lovers paying a visit to Mrs. Page, to whose house the old nurse had been removed. The worthy landlady received them with a glad smile. It was like a sunbeam entering her now solitary abode. As for Hannah, she declared emphatically, that "Princess street wasn't Princess street without them."

The last evening Harry was to pass in London before starting for Bampton Park with his grandfather, was spent at the residence of Signor Benetti, in company with Harold and Bianca. Tom and Clara, as a matter of course, were present. The latter appeared somewhat more cheerful; a clue had been obtained to the name of the man to whom the money-lender had committed the charge of his nephew.

The landlord of the "Flower-in-Hand," in the Mint, supplied it *sub rosa*, being too much in fear of Mr. Parfit to do so openly.

"I must congratulate you," exclaimed his cousin, shaking him warmly by the hand. "To morrow you take possession of your new home."

"My home, Harold, is where you are," replied the grateful boy.

Bianca and her lover exchanged glances.

"Bampton, they tell me, is a magnificent place," observed the fair Italian; "and Mr. Imray, by all accounts, has had it placed in thorough repair. Report speaks of miracles accomplished in an incredibly short space of time. Such is the power of wealth."

"I detest wealth!" exclaimed Harry, petulantly. "I should have been happier far as an artist, earning my own bread, than at Bampton Park."

"Wait till you have seen it," said our hero, placing his hand upon his arm. "I predict you will not have been more than an hour beneath its roof before you confess yourself the happiest fellow upon earth."

"Absurd! Harold."

"I prophecy so too," added Tom Mayfield, a knowing smile playing round the corners of his mouth, which he vainly attempted to suppress.

"Clara does not do me such injustice," replied Harry.

"If it is an injustice," observed the sister of Telbin, "I fear that I share in it."

"You, too!"

"I am convinced," added the fair girl, "that before you have been an hour at Bampton you will pronounce yourself happy, without a wish ungratified; unless," she added, with a sigh, "the recollection of my poor lost brother——"

But for the tears that half choked her utterance, Harry would have chided her for the injustice, as he considered it, of her speech.

"How little can they read my heart," he thought to himself, as he returned to the solitary abode of his grandfather in Cannon street; "my recollections are not written in sand. Neither tide nor time can efface them; perhaps not even death, humanity's great mystery. That Harold should so misjudge me," he continued; "he ought to have known me better. He *must* have known me better!" he added. "Could it have been done to try me! No, no!—I wrong his noble nature!—he loves me too well either to doubt or trifle with me."

On the following morning a plain but elegant travelling equipage—with servants in handsome liveries, and four horses—drove up to the door of Mr. Imray. The street was quite in a ferment at the unusual sight. Some said the drysalter had been knighted; others, that he was about to be elected a member of Parliament. His footman, Gervis, appeared in a perfect ecstacy of delight!

"God bless you, sir!" he said, as his young master descended the stairs after his grandfather. "I am to follow in a few days. The family is looking up. *We* shall live as we ought to live again—keep up our position in the country."

Although Harry was in anything but a joyous humor, he could not refrain from smiling at the loquacity of the speaker.

"Do try and make him happy," added the old domestic, lowering his voice to a whisper. "You have only to look bright and cheerful. You don't know, sir, how much he loves you. I have seen him quit his room night after night since you have been here, listen at your chamber door, and kneel and pray there. He was a different man once."

"I will do my best," replied the youth, greatly surprised.

By this time his grandfather was seated, and he hastened to take his place by his side.

"Our journey will not be very long," observed Mr. Imray, mournfully, as the carriage drove off. "A very few hours will bring us to Bampton."

"You must endeavor to forget the past," replied his grandson, cheerfully. "If the morning of your existence has proved clouded, there is no reason why the sunshine of content, if not of happiness, should not gild it at its close."

During their journey, Harry, moved by what Gervis had told him respecting his grandfather's nightly watchings, exerted himself so successfully to appear cheerful and happy, that he almost persuaded the old man the feeling was real, and the hours passed pleasantly enough.

About a mile from the village, a troop of tenants, mounted on horseback, met the carriage, with the intention of escorting it to the hall. The farmer who headed it bore a silken banner, on which was inscribed, "Welcome to the heir of Bampton!"

A similar inscription graced the arch of evergreens erected at the entrance of the park.

"Not for me! not for me, such honors!" exclaimed Harry, grasping the old man's hand. "You are more worthy—more fitting to receive them."

"Not so," replied his grandfather, pleased by his grateful emotion. "I am but your steward—your guest. You are master here."

Before the astonished youth could reply, the carriage passed under the arch. Once in the park, a most animated scene presented itself. The inhabitants of the village, the families of the tenantry, together with the children of the schools—for, although an absentee, Mr. Imray had never neglected his duty as a landlord—were assembled on the lawn, engaged in a variety of rustic sports. The scene had a truly old English appearance, and gratified the artistic fancy of him whom it was intended to honor.

With a joyous shout, the villagers surrounded the equipage. The horses were detached, and a hundred stalwart arms drew it towards the hall, where the word "Welcome" was inscribed in enormous letters, formed of flowers and evergreens.

Harry felt bewildered, entranced—he could have imagined himself in a fairy dream—for, as he alighted from the carriage, the hands of Harold, Tom, Bianca, and Clara were extended to greet him.

The surprise had been arranged by his grandfather, and never did one prove more successful, or was more gratefully received.

Before touching the hand of Harold, the happy youth threw himself into the arms of Mr. Imray, and thanked him in words half broken by emotion.

The old man felt that the object of his love and care was happy; and a dark cloud passed from his own heart.

"Welcome your cousin and your friends," he whispered.

"It is for you to do so, sir—you, who have created so much joy—to whom we all owe so much. Harold, Tom, Clara. Yes! yes, you predicted rightly; all that I love, all save one," he added, in an under tone, "are here."

We need not say the one wanting to complete the circle of his affections was the poor dwarf Telbin.

The day passed cheerfully, if not happily. Even the long absent owner of Bampton Park forgot, in the excitement of the festivities, some portion of the sorrow his return to the scenes of his past happiness had awakened.

It was nearly midnight before the festivities terminated, and the inmates of the hall retired to rest.

At breakfast, the following morning, a ride was proposed for the young people, which Harry, to the surprise of his grandfather, declined to join.

"But why not?"

"Because I am going with you," he replied. "I heard you arrange last night, with the steward, to visit some of your old pensioners on the estate. Besides, it is my duty."

"I can dispense with that."

"My pleasure then, sir," added the youth, "and I trust you know me too well by this time to doubt the truth of the assertion."

In consequence of this arrangement the lovers—that is to say, Harold, Tom, Bianca, and Clara—started in an open carriage for their drive through the village without him.

How often, when we least expect it, does Providence crown with success the desire and prayer of years! In our blindness we deem her deaf to our supplications, at the very moment, perhaps, she has inclined her ear to listen to them.

The four friends were discussing the events of the preceding day, congratulating themselves upon the brilliant change in the prospects of their young favorite, when Clara suddenly became deeply agitated.

"Are you ill?" asked Bianca.

"Listen!" said the trembling girl.

They did so, and the sound of a flute was heard, playing an air her brother used to practise frequently. It was accompanied by a female voice—young, fresh, and delicate.

"How unfortunate!" whispered Tom; "when we were so happy, too. Had we not better return?"

This was addressed to our hero, who looked to Bianca for advice.

Again the flute was heard accompanying the voice of the singer, who executed with considerable taste the following song:—

I ride on the storm when my master hath need,
Or saddle the lightning's flash for my steed;
So lightly I pass o'er the mountain's brow,
I leave not a print on the delicate snow;
And dull mortals, who mark my swift course from afar,
Take the flash of my wings for the fall of a star.

"Why, the words are Harold's!" exclaimed Tom. "And the music mine," added Bianca.

At his word I sport o'er the crested wave,
The sea-boy to snatch from an early grave;
Or dive to the crystal caves of the deep,
To rifle the pearl, while the sea-nymphs sleep:
And the mariner vows, as I rise through the spray,
That the mermaid has followed his bark on its way.

"Drive on," said our hero, unable to restrain his impatience.

In a few minutes the carriage reached the village. In the centre of the street stood the singer, Zitta, and Telbin, who had just removed the flute from his lips. A group of children surrounded them. At first Clara scarcely recognized her brother, he had grown so considerably; the instant she did, the excited girl stood up in the equipage and pronounced his name.

An instant afterwards he was in her arms, mingling his tears with hers.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

USING THE HEART IN EVERY THING.

A Chinese teacher, when speaking in commendation of a work in the Chinese language, by the Rev. Reuben Lowrie, a missionary who died at Shanghai in April, 1860, said, "Mr. Lowrie in all things used his heart." That is the literal rendering of the Chinese sentence, by which the teacher meant to express the fact that Mr. Lowrie applied his mind with great diligence to every subject which claimed his attention.

Some men use only their hands, or, at most, only their hands and their heads. They do not labor with deep heart-felt interest to attain their object. Those who succeed are those who use their hearts in all things.

THE EXPECTED SHIP.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Thus I heard a poet say,
As he sang in merry glee,
“Ah! 'twill be a golden day,
When my ship comes o'er the sea!

“I do know a cottage fine,
As a poet's house should be,
And the cottage shall be mine,
When my ship comes o'er the sea!

“I do know a maiden fair,
Fair, and fond, and dear to me,
And we'll be a wedded pair,
When my ship comes o'er the sea!

“And within that cottage fine,
Blest as any king may be,
Every pleasure shall be mine,
When my ship comes o'er the sea!

“To be rich is to be great;
Love is only for the free;
Grant me patience, while I wait
Till my ship comes o'er the sea!”

Months and years have come and gone
Since the poet sang to me,
Yet he still keeps hoping on
For the ship from o'er the sea!

Thus the syren voice of Hope
Whispers still to you and me,
Of something in the future's scope,
Some golden ship from o'er the sea!

Never sailor yet hath found,
Looking windward or to lee,
Any vessel homeward bound,
Like that ship from o'er the sea!

Never comes the shining deck;
But that tiny cloud may be,
Though it seems the merest speck,
The promised ship from o'er the sea!

Never looms the swelling sail,
But the wind is blowing free,
And *that* may be the precious gale
That brings the ship from o'er the sea!

THE LOVER'S ROCK.

A BAVARIAN LEGEND.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

At the foot of the Alpine Mountains of Bavaria, in a pleasant valley, is the quiet little village of Baierisch Zell, and here, a great many years ago, lived a forester by the name of Sevantien. He had a daughter, an only child, who was the belle of the country round. She was seventeen, pretty, witty and merry—and like all young girls of a lively, sanguine temperament, who possess the powers of fascination in an eminent degree, she was inclined to be coquettish. Not that we mean to say she was heartless, selfish, or inordinately vain—on the contrary, she had a sweet disposition and a sympathetic nature—but she was young, slender, graceful and accomplished—had laughing blue eyes, rosy lips and pearly teeth—could dance like a fairy, sing like a nightingale, and play the cithern with the best, and these qualities for interesting and charming the opposite sex drew around her so many flatterers and admirers, played sad havoc with so many hearts, that she would have been something more than woman if she had not used the queenly power thus bestowed upon her by nature and art, and held her court with something of regal sway. Whenever there was a festal gathering of the villagers and mountaineers for miles around, the presence of Marie Sevantien was generally solicited, and her acceptance of the invitation was sufficient to insure the attendance of a goodly number of both sexes, and the merry *schnadahupfln*[*] was certain to be a success.

Now among the many suitors of Marie Sevantien was a manly, brave-hearted, handsome young mountaineer, by the name of Franz Soulandelf—an honest, earnest youth, well calculated to captivate a maiden's heart. Though scarcely twenty, he had already won distinction as a hunter of the chamois, and that requires daring, courage and skill. A clearer eye, a cooler brain, a steadier hand and a surer foot, went not among the awful solitudes of the rocky mountains, and as a marksman, he had already carried off the second prize from the annual shooting-match at Munich. With all the ardor of a passionate nature, he loved Marie Sevantien, but in what degree his passion was returned he was yet uncertain. Rumor said that he was the favored one among his rivals, and sometimes he was fain to think so himself, but he still wanted better evidence than any he had yet obtained, for the coquettish young maid still had a fascinating smile for all who paid her homage.

“I will know!” muttered Franz, as he one evening took his way to the village inn, where there was to be a merry gathering of the young, and taking off his pointed green hat, ornamented with the feathers of the black-cock, a tuft from the back of a chamois, a mountain rose and a golden tassel, he ran his fingers vigorously through his nut-brown curls, and replaced it with an air of pride. “I must be all or nothing!” he added, throwing out his manly chest and planting his feet more firmly on the earth.

But when he reached the inn, and beheld among the gay throng the queen of his heart, looking so lovely in her picturesque costume, laced with silver and gold, and smiling so sweetly as she extended her little white hand and welcomed him with the customary “God greet ye,” he felt that time would be an eternity should he ever venture to say the final farewell.

Yet as if Marie were conscious of the bold words Franz had uttered on his way thither, and were determined to punish him for the rebellious intent, she danced more with his rivals than with him, and had a smile, a jest, and a song for any one rather than himself. This tried poor Franz sorely, for he knew too little of the inconsistent mystery of a woman's nature to find in this an evidence of his being first in her regard.

As a compensation for her neglect of him through the evening, however, she selected him to see her home—not by a bold asking, but by a certain manner that drew from him the offer—and on their way to her father's cottage, he, after a long, dead silence and repeated trials, found the courage to say:

“Marie, do you know you are breaking my heart?”

“It must be a very brittle one if it breaks so easily!” returned the maiden, with a low, musical laugh.

“Can you guess what I resolved upon to-night before I saw you?” he rejoined, in a serious tone.

“How should I?—probably hanging, drowning, or leaping down some precipice.”

“Nay, Marie, do not jest!”

“On such a *grave* subject, especially!” laughed the merry girl.

“No, I resolved to ask you——”

“How many devoted lovers I have?” added Marie, as his voice faltered to a pause. “Well, I have been reckoning up, and I think there are eleven sighing youths who would be willing to die for me, if they could be certain of coming to life again an hour or two after.”

“And how many would die for you in earnest, Marie?—lay down their lives to save yours?”

“Ah! now you are asking a serious question. Probably none.”

“Yes, I know of one.”

“You do!—where is he?”

“Here!”

“You do not mean to say you would be that foolish?” said Marie, turning her soft blue eyes full upon him.

“I mean to say my love has that devotion, Marie!” he replied, in a tremulous voice. “Oh!” he added, passionately, “will not one such love suffice? is not one such devoted heart enough for even you? will you not accept it in place of all others, and make one being happy, who must otherwise be wretched?”

“Really, the conversation seems to be getting serious!” said Marie, after a brief silence, and speaking in a tone that showed she was more affected than she would have cared to own.

“I am serious,” replied Franz, warmly; “terribly in earnest; and your reply to-night will decide my fate. I love you, Marie—wildly, madly, devotedly—you, and you alone; and your lips must acknowledge a reciprocal passion—for me, and me alone—or we part to-night for the last time—part never to meet again on earth. I am too proud in my nature to be second in your esteem—too selfish in my love to have another share in your regard. Oh, Marie, though I say it, a truer heart does not beat for you—a purer love can never be yours. Waking I think of you—sleeping I dream of you—and you are always first and last in my prayers. In the perilous chase of the chamois, your bright, sweet image is before me; and with that for my ambition and hope, I seem lifted from the awful depths of the chasms below, and my steps are made firm on the dizzy heights above. But why say more? Language has its limits; and if its limits were reached, the depth and fervency of my love would still remain untold. Speak then—decide my destiny—but think seriously ere you say that which may cause us to part forever!”

Marie did not answer till she reached her father's dwelling; but Franz knew that her slender form trembled in silence, and this caused his heart to beat wildly with hope.

“Not now, Franz, will I answer you,” said Marie, as she gave her trembling hand to her lover at parting. “Come here one week from to-night.”

“I will be here,” said Franz.

“Till then adieu!” and Marie lifted the latch of the cottage and disappeared.

One week from that night Franz crossed the threshold of Sevantien's cottage. Marie was waiting to receive him, and showed him into a little parlor, where he was surprised to find six of his rivals. Believing he was to be trifled with and made sport of, he was angrily turning on his heel to depart, when Marie laid her hand on his arm and said:

“Stay, Franz Soulandelf, and judge when you have heard!”

He saw she was pale and agitated, and felt he had done her injustice. He took his seat with the others, all of whom seemed alike surprised and wondering.

“My friends,” said Marie, after some slight hesitation, “you are each of you here to-night at my request, and each without the knowledge that any other was invited. I have a few words to say, but shall be brief. You have each told me I had your friendship—nay, more, your esteem—nay, more, your love—nay, more, your life. In other words, that your love for me was so pure and deep that you would lay down your life for me. Well, I do not require your lives, but I do require some proof that your words were not mere empty boastings. Hear then my resolve—that no man of you shall ever proffer suit to me again, till with his own hands he has plucked and brought to me an Edelweis[†] from the Scharfreuter[‡] in the Hinter Riss.”

“But if more than one succeeds?” inquired Franz, with a brightening eye.

“Only one will!” replied Marie, with a meaning glance.

“I thank you! Adieu, Marie! Good-night, comrades!”

In a moment he was gone; and Marie, with some awful forebodings at her heart, now that it was too late, sunk almost fainting upon a seat. In a few minutes she was alone. The young men took their leave with signs of displeasure, agreeing among themselves that she was a heartless coquette, who only wanted them to peril, and even sacrifice their lives to gratify her wicked vanity.

“Oh, God! protect him!” prayed Marie, sinking upon her knees, and pressing her hands to her eyes, as if to shut out some horrid vision.

On the second day after that night, a bold and gallant youth, dressed in true hunter costume—pointed hat, grey jerkin, buckskin breeches, and thick-soled, heavy-nailed brogans—with his short rifle slung over his shoulder, his green rück sack strapped to his back, and his long, iron-pointed staff firmly grasped in his steady hands—such a youth, with head erect, eagle glance, and dilated nostrils, was slowly toiling over the awful solitudes and up the dizzy heights of the snow-crowned Scharfreuter. Onward he went, climbing almost perpendicular ledges, leaping over yawning chasms, sliding down steep declivities, walking along narrow ridges, and all the time surrounded by perils that would have appalled and turned backward a less courageous man than he.

At last, far upward toward the line of eternal ice and snow, on the bare side of a precipice that rose a thousand feet above its base, his searching glass showed him the snowy Edelweis, secure in its solitude, where no foot of human being had ever trod.

“Bright flower of Noble Purity, you shall be mine!” exclaimed the daring youth; “and with you I will win a still fairer flower!”

Putting aside his rifle and his staff, and disencumbering himself of everything that might impede his steps, he began, with a bold heart and an iron will, his toilsome and dangerous ascent of the rugged precipice. Planting his feet here, and catching with his hands there, he struggled upward, and upward, and still upward—looking not behind him toward the viewless air—looking not below him upon the pointed rocks—but upward—still upward—*excelsior!*

At last, panting and fatigued, he gained the awful, dizzy height, and, with one foot planted upon a projection not larger than his hand, he reached forth and plucked the coveted prize.

“She is mine!” he cried; “she is mine!” and a fearful echo mockingly repeated, “*She is mine!*”

Alas for hope! for ambition! for love! The stone beneath his feet at that moment crumbled and gave way, and the youth of promise went down—down—swiftly down—far down.

When days had passed, and Franz Soulandelf no more appeared among his comrades, one of his rivals said:

“Seek for him among the rocks of the Scharfreuter in the Hinter Riss!”

They sought and found all the vultures had left of him, with the withered Edelweis near his bony hand.

Marie Sevantien heard the awful story, and the sweet expression of her lovely features changed to one of perfect horror. From that moment no word of intelligence ever passed her lips, and that painful expression of horror remained upon her countenance to the day of her death.

And in the language of the country, the simple-minded mountaineers named the fatal precipice, “THE LOVER'S ROCK.”

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[*] A number of extemporaneous songs, sung to a peculiar tune, each in the order of succession, by the different members of the company, every singer in his or her composition being required to reply to or allude to something in the song immediately preceding—a favorite amusement of the Bavarians.

[†] Edelweis is a snow-white flower, found only upon some of the highest mountains of Tyrol and Bavaria. “Strangely enough,” says an English writer, “it always grows in a spot to be reached only by the utmost peril. You will see a tuft of its beautifully white flowers overhanging a precipice, or waving on a perpendicular wall of rock, to be approached but by a ledge, where perhaps a chamois could scarcely stand.”

[‡] The Sharfreuter forms one of the barriers between Tyrol and Bavaria, and is over seven thousand feet in height.

RECIPES FOR CONTENTMENT---AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

Some audacious individual actually has had the impudence to write a newspaper paragraph, purporting to teach the rest of the world contentment! If he—the individual aforesaid—isn't the most *dis*contented mortal within ten square miles of his native place, we lose our guess. If he don't wish his striped trowsers were plaided, and his hollyhocks sunflowers—if he don't grumble because the north-east chimney of his house wasn't on the south-west corner, and because his top-knot hen hadn't the amiability to be hatched a Shanghae rooster—why, then, he is an exception to most rules. A *man*—undertaking to teach *us* contentment! He never could have been a candidate for member of Congress, or Common Councilman, and consequently never was defeated by an aggravating majority of two and three-quarters—he never could have bought western stocks and seen them dissolve into thin air, instead of fusing down into solid ingots—he never married a woman with red hair, and spent the rest of his life in wondering why he couldn't have married somebody with black locks—it never rained when he had arranged matters (inclusive of a black bottle) to go fishing—the sun never blistered the tip of his nose at noonday, and the musquitoes never sung in his tortured ears at midnight! He must have gone through life in a lightning express-train, with an amiable conductor, who never asked to see the ticket. It isn't so particularly hard to be contented under these Elysian circumstances.

A man is almost contented when he has a good dinner to digest, a bright fire to toast himself before, and a pretty wife to look at—a woman is within a very few degrees of perfect bliss, when she has got a new dress and a neighbor to show it to! We have often wondered how Eve got along, without any other woman to admire her housekeeping, and criticise the trimming of Cain and Abel's jackets. It is a fact, that we appreciate fortune's smiles the most after somebody else has just received a backhander from her ladyship. *Our* cold chicken always tastes better (alas, poor human nature!) if our neighbor has nothing but salt pork in his pantry, and our satisfaction in a yard of ribbon is destroyed if some one else buys two yards! We never saw anybody yet who was contented for over two hours at a time—don't believe there is any such phenomenon on the face of the globe. As for recipes, they are all humbugs! *We* generally come the nearest to a state of general peace with ourselves, and the rest of creation when we get as far as possible from paving-stones and plate-glass, omnibus wheels, and Broadway dust, out in some green wilderness where the blue sky seems to flow like a sapphire sea through the aromatic boughs of giant pines overhead, and the velvet moss is streaked with bars of sunshine; when the insects buzz dreamily, and the brown robin sways on the branches; and the murmurous, golden afternoon melts into sunset, as gorgeously as if the gates of some eternal city were thrown open! How life's petty troubles shrink away into nothingness! Ah! we never realize the meaning of the word contentment, save when we forget the world's ceaseless tumult, and become little children again with our weary heads resting, as they rested long ago, on the loving lap of our great mother Nature.

MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON WYLLYS.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Andover.—What is a gentleman? asks Andover. Not an easy question to answer, sir. The original meaning of the word does not throw much light upon its present signification. It is compounded of the English word *man*, and the Latin word, *gens*, which means, patrician family. The word, therefore, originally meant a man born of a noble house, or a well-born man. This signification it still retains in Europe, where the barbaric distinctions of caste or race are still recognized. In Great Britain its meaning has been enlarged so as to include all men who have money enough to live without labor. Thus, in the London Directory, when we read, “John Smith, 201 Piccadilly, Gentleman,” the word simply indicates that Smith is able to subsist without practicing any art, profession or trade, a fact which the average British Smith is fool enough to be proud of. In America we have long ago ceased to attach any meaning of that nature to the word in question. By gentleman we mean a man who, besides being virtuous and honorable, is urbane and polite, who is, at once, brave and gentle, considerate but sincere; one who has solid worth and external grace. But the most essential part of the meaning of the word is, *virtue and honor*, and, therefore, we frequently say of a man who is a little awkward or rude, that he is a gentleman at heart, though not one in manners or appearance. In short, a gentleman is a man who is brave, honest, pure, sincere, clean and polite.

Pamela and Esther.—“Are we influenced by each other's thoughts? that is, if several are sitting together, will the thoughts of one of them have any influence upon the rest?” Not unless there is some visible manifestation on the part of the person thinking. But few persons can think without showing, in some degree, the nature of their thoughts. Thus, if in a group of happy persons, if there is one whose thoughts are gloomy or sour, the gloomy individual will gradually infect the rest, but this is because the character of his thoughts is *visible* in his countenance and attitude. Nevertheless, there are those who think that a visible manifestation is not necessary, but that, even if the group were sitting in the dark, the effect would be the same.

Ignorance.—This correspondent says, “I have met a nice girl, whom I like; and I wish to know, now that we are separated, if it would be proper for us to correspond?” We have before said that we do not approve of a correspondence between young people, of opposite sexes, who are not relatives or about to become so. We cannot change our opinion to suit your case. There is a vast amount of nonsense written in such cases, which if not actually improper, is very apt to be sincerely regretted, when the parties are separated in life and form permanent connexions with others.

M. A. Y.—You are in love with a lady, but before proposing want to be certain you can get her. You say also that you are in no condition yet to support a wife, and therefore if she consents to be engaged you wish it kept a secret between yourselves. You are evidently a selfish fellow, and have little right to the love of any woman. We hope the lady will see you with the same eyes we do, and refuse to have anything to say to you, in the way of matrimony.

G. H.—You went to church with a young lady; after church she stopped to speak to some friends, when you went outside to wait for her. Presently she came along, leaning on the arm of another gentleman. Ought she to apologize to you, or you to her. If you did not tell the lady that you were going to wait outside for her, as you *should* have done, she probably supposed you had gone without her, and of course owes you no apology.

G. C. D.—If you are in love with a young lady, and are not acquainted with her, or any of her friends, just go to her papa, and producing your references, tell him the exact state of the case.

Elroy.—In walking with a lady where there is no sidewalk, a gentleman should offer her his left arm, leaving the right to protect her if occasion should require.

Patriot.—You are very much mistaken in supposing that the “grand reviews at Washington,” and elsewhere, are of no use, and a waste of time and ammunition. They are not only of use but *absolutely necessary* to the efficiency and effectiveness of our troops. If you have ever read the life of Napoleon you must have noticed that his forces were very frequently reviewed—sometimes in regiments, at others in brigades, sometimes in divisions, and often in immense masses. The effectiveness of an army in a great measure depends on the ease and precision with which its commander can *handle* it, and to this end the troops must not only *understand* field movements and manœuvres, but they must be *practically accustomed* to them. Such knowledge and familiarity can only be obtained by reviews; and the more reviews the better. Fancy one of our brigadier-generals leading his brigade into action, *not a man of which ever took part in brigade manœuvres!* What kind of work would they make of it? They would at once become confused, entangled, mixed up, and probably cut up. It takes considerable practice for a man to learn to drive a four-horse team in a quiet road; how much more must it take for a brigadier to learn to handle his five-thousand-man team on a field of battle, or for a major-general to manœuvre his division of twenty-thousand, made up of artillery, infantry and cavalry, and opposed to an equal force bent on their defeat? War is a big game, and success in it depends mainly on *practical* skill and knowledge of the business.

Anxious Farmer.—This bucolic swain informs us that he is in love with a pure and good girl, whom his friends declare they will never receive as his wife. He finds that his love for her is such that he cannot give her up, and so he anxiously inquires, “What shall I do?” You should weigh well the strength of your love before making her your wife. It would be wrong to marry her and allow your relatives *after* your marriage to interfere between you. If you do not feel sure that in case they should do so, you could stand firmly by your wife, you would be most cruel to take her into a circle where she would only be persecuted and miserable. A weak-minded man is sometimes very obstinate in his love affairs, and braves all his friends and relatives by marrying a woman who is obnoxious to them; but this same man may afterwards afford the wife whom he has thus obstinately married no protection whatever against the impertinence and persecution of his incensed friends and relatives, but allow them to browbeat, insult and slander her to their hearts' content, without his taking any steps to rebuke them. If you are capable of developing into such a pusillanimous husband as this, you should not marry any woman whom your friends and family dislike; but if you are a real manly, downright, true-hearted fellow, marry whom you please, and then stand by her against all the world.

Julia.—The first literary production penned in America was a translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses by George Sandys, of Virginia. This work was printed in London in 1626. The only copy of this Ovid that we know of is the one in the library of Harvard College. The first original work produced in America was a pamphlet in prose and verse, called the Golden Fleece, by William Vaughan, of Newfoundland, published in 1626. It was written for the purpose of attracting emigrants to Newfoundland. The title page runs thus: “The Golden Fleece. Divided into three Parts, under which are discovered the Errors of Religion, the Vices and Decay of the Kingdom, and lastly, the Way to get Wealth, and to restore trading, so much complained of. By Orpheus, Junior.” The panacea for all ills, according to this writer, was emigration to Newfoundland.

Roanoke.—The subject of prizes and prize money will probably be considered during the next session of Congress. As the law now stands, the property taken in the forts at Port Royal is “reserved for the service of the United States,” and no compensation is made to the captors. This seems to us to be just, since it is the United States that bore the expense of the expedition. It is thought, however, that soldiers require the stimulus afforded by the prospect of gain, and probably an effort will be made to introduce the British system of dividing all the spoils of conquest among the conquering force. When an English army takes an enemy's town, the whole of the lawful spoil is sold for the benefit of the army; the general in command receiving one-fortieth of the proceeds, and the others in proportion to their rank. So the authorities state.

Camp.—The best way of preparing plain boiled rice for use in a camp hospital is the method practiced in the Crimea by the renowned Soyer. Put two quarts of water into a stew pan with a teaspoonful of salt. When the water boils (but not before) put into the pan half a pound of rice. Let it boil ten minutes. Strain off the water. Then slightly butter the sides and bottom of the stewpan, and put the strained rice back into it. Place the stewpan near the fire, or in a slow oven, and let it remain twenty minutes, or until each grain is well swollen and yet separate from the rest. It is then ready for use; and no man who eats nothing else can long have the diarrhea. Observe: let your diarrhea patients eat *nothing* else; not bread, not toast, not milk, not chicken, not anything.

Emerson.—Seidlitz powders are made thus: Take three ounces of tartarized soda and an ounce and a half of carbonate of soda; mix them together; divide the mixture into twelve equal portions, and put each portion into a blue paper. For the white papers, take seven drachms of tartaric acid, and divide into twelve equal portions. Unless you have occasion for a great quantity, you had better buy the powders ready made of an apothecary you can depend on.

Music.—If you wish to excel in singing you must sing as nature intended you should sing. You tell us that your voice is deep enough for a basso, but yet you have a passion for singing tenor. We advise you not to indulge your passion, but leave tenor singing to women, boys and Brignoli. What can be more superb than a bass song nobly sung? If you try ten years you cannot really frustrate nature; nature, like other ladies, will have her own way.

B. V. M.—“Is it proper,” asks B. V. M., “when a young man has kept company with a young lady for several years, for her to go off on an excursion with another gentleman?” If by “keeping company” you mean that there is an engagement of marrriage between you, it certainly was not right for her to do so, without your consent. If there be no such engagement, you have no business to dictate or interfere in the matter at all.

Sylvanus.—The lines are from the Brothers, by Young:

> “Joys are for the gods;
> Man's common course of nature is distress;
> His joys are prodigies; and like them, too,
> Portend approaching ill. The wise man starts
> And trembles at the perils of a bliss.”

The lines are striking, Mr. Sylvanus, but do not believe too much in them.

A. R. Y.—A gentleman walking in the rain with rather a small umbrella, and meeting two ladies who have none, should *not* offer to walk between them and hold it, as each lady in that case would only get the drippings from the umbrella, while he alone would receive any benefit from it. If he is not sufficiently disinterested to give up his umbrella entirely, he had better not make any such sham proposal of sheltering them.

Carrie.—Yes, it would be proper for a young lady to ask a gentleman to whom she is engaged to take her to a place of amusement, if it were a *proper* place for a lady to attend. An engaged couple, of course, are very intimate, know each other well, possess each other's confidence, and think no ill of any innocent request that may be made by one or the other.

Algernon.—You say you met a lady friend in the street, who you are sure saw you, and yet did not bow. What shall you do? You *cannot* be sure, unless the lady told you so; as many absent-minded people do this thing constantly, when they *appear* to be looking directly *at* the person whom they are supposed to slight.

Laus Castle.—You visited a lady under an assumed name. She found it out, and you don't know what to do about going again. We shouldn't think you would, after so ungentlemanly an act. The lady would do right if you did go to order you out of the house. Gentlemen of honor never find it necessary to skulk about under false names.

Sharp-shooter.—Col. Berdan's men sometimes employ rests while they are practicing, but on the field of battle they will, in all probability, have to depend upon their unassisted skill. The true test of a man's value as a sharpshooter is his ability to use a common rifle in the common way.

K. H. T.—If the young lady to whom you are engaged has constantly postponed your marriage, you should ask her frankly and honestly *why* she does so. You are entitled, under such circumstances, to an explanation.

Grumbler.—The regulation soup for a regiment of a thousand men ought to have seven hundred pounds of meat in it. The proper quantity of water is five pints to every pound of meat.

Pellet.—We have often given our opinion in such cases as yours, that no young man has a right to monopolize any girl's company *exclusively* unless he is engaged to her. It is selfish and mean to do so.

L. V.—We have no advice to give with regard to an acquaintance with a lady, commenced in a clandestine manner. The less you have to do with such acquaintances the better for you.

D. W.—A young man who will falsely report himself engaged to a lady, should be dealt with by some gentleman relative of that lady, and also by the public opinion of the community where he resides.

Daughter-in-Law.—This correspondent puts the following question: “Whenever a girl forsakes her paternal home, for that of a husband who is obnoxious to her parents, does it not argue that her parents have failed in the discharge towards her of their parental duties?” To this pointed, though stiff and formal question, we answer, “Yes, *generally*.” But it must not be supposed that such failure is in every case a matter of blame to the parents. It as often results from incapacity as from neglect. The art of bringing up children, (which everybody will probably admit to be the most important of all arts,) is but imperfectly understood. In fact, it is scarcely understood at all. In the great majority of cases parents never give it a thought. They “go it blind” in nearly all matters pertaining to the bringing-up of their children. It probably never occurs to them to think, or to attempt to think, *what a child really is*—what is its nature, its wants, its capacity, its affections, repulsions, tastes, hopes, fears, and idiosyncrasies. Whether their children are happy at home, or miserable—whether they prefer home to any other place in the world, or prefer any other place in the world to home, are matters to which perhaps not even a thought is given. What wonder, then, that children, being left to *grow* astray, at last go astray! that they leave a cold and unhappy home for the loving shelter of any warm nest that may be offered them! The human heart, and especially the young human heart, and pre-eminently the young female human heart, hungers for sympathy and appreciation and love, and if it be not fed on these at home it will often accept them from any hand that may proffer them. This is the key to the matter touched upon in our correspondent's question, but the subject is vast and requires a volume for its full and proper treatment.

J. H. T.—This correspondent seems to have a nice idea of what some people call the eternal fitness of things. He is evidently a sensitive youth—unless he be a middle-aged or elderly man; at any rate he is sensitive, and logical withal. According to his own confession he was also *once* confiding, but *that* amiable trait has been wrested from his character and he is now unbelieving. To sum up briefly, he is in a bad way all round. And this is how it has come about. He had great faith in the Ledger, and especially in the “Notices to Correspondents.” And his implicit faith in them begat in him a corresponding faith in men and things in general. His whole nature became confiding, trustful, hopeful, exuberant. But, “in an evil hour,” as it seems to have turned out, he seized his pen and wrote us a question. That question, he solemnly asseverates, “remains unanswered to this day.” Now mark the fatal consequences. That question remaining unanswered to this day, J. H. T. lost all faith in our “Answers” generally; and the dam of his faith being thus broken up, the whole concern went plunging down stream in wild confusion, and left his pond of trust and confidence utterly empty and mucky. The result is, he is now without faith in anybody or anything—a most deplorable condition for any human being to be in. We, therefore, sincerely hope this paragraph will at least convince J. H. T. that there is some reality in our “Answers,” and that his restored faith in them will serve him as a stepping-stone from the slough of general distrust in which he now seems to be plunged. He should remember, however, that we have not space to answer every question that is sent to us. We answer only those which we deem the most interesting to our readers.

Sadee.—You say that you were engaged to a young lawyer; and that when lately he told you there were two other ladies whom he liked equally well, and did not know which of three he had rather marry, you, not seeing much happiness in store in marrying a man with so little firmness, broke the engagement. This was right; but you add that you promised him to keep your doing so a secret, lest, as he said, it might injure his business relations. This promise was very foolish of you to make, and very selfish and mean on his part to request; as he quite ignored the consequences to *you*, thinking only of *himself*. We are not surprised then, when you add that he publicly accused you afterward of flirtation, and when your friends came to you for an explanation, your tongue being tied by your promise you could say nothing. You are not bound, we think, to keep your promise, under such circumstances, but should at once expose the graceless fellow.

Dearborn.—The best way is to have nothing to do with a man whom you know to be a villain. Do not let him come into your presence even for the purpose of making what he is pleased to call an explanation. His promises of reformation are of no avail. If he is sincere in making them, he will carry them out without regard to your conduct; and after he has proved himself worthy of respect by a persistent course of honorable and decent behavior, you can give him such recognition as his own conduct and the circumstances of the case may call for.

Traveller.—When a man is travelling with his wife, should he, on reaching a hotel, accompany his wife to the ladies' parlor before registering their names, or register their names and leave the landlord or waiter to conduct her to the parlor, and then join her afterward? We do not think husband and wife need stand on ceremony in such a case, as either course would be proper enough; but an attentive and kind husband should consult his wife's feelings in these matters, as some ladies are often timid and uncomfortable in a strange place.

P. K.—You love a lady, but cannot tell from her behavior whether she loves you or not. You can't give her up, and you don't want to be jilted. What shall you do? Wait till this question is settled: Is my *pride* or my *love* the strongest? A man who expects a woman to let him know whether she will have him *before* he asks her, does not deserve the love of a good woman. Did it ever occur to you, selfish fellow, that the lady may have some pride (not to mention delicacy) as well as yourself?

Jeannie.—You are a boarding-school girl of fifteen. Last vacation, when at home, you had a lover. Your parents forbade your acquaintance, as you were too young to think of marriage. He has followed you to your boarding-school, and wishes you to run away with him and be his wife. Shall you do it? No, because a man who would propose such a thing, under the circumstances, is not a man whom you can trust. Dismiss all thoughts of him, and inform your parents of the circumstance.

O. C. C.—When is the proper time for throwing a bouquet to a performer? Never. The custom is absurd, and one that embarrasses and annoys a true artist far more than the bungling compliment pleases her. If you must give flowers to a singer whom you admire, send them to her residence. You like water melons, perhaps; but how would you fancy one thrown at your head?

Henry.—The word constable means something like stable-keeper, or, more exactly, knight of the stable (Comes stabuli). The ancient French kings had an officer of very high rank, called a Constable, whose business it was to superintend tilts and tournaments, and all similar knightly affairs. In the course of ages, the word acquired its present signification.

G. E. B.—You ask if you shall borrow money to go on a pleasure excursion. By no means. You have no idea of the crushing power of debt over a young man, who is struggling for a livelihood. Only a pressing necessity can excuse the taking of such a load on your shoulders. If you cannot save money while you are young, you will have to work when you are old, or beg, or starve.

S. C.—You say you have lately removed to this city, and wish to know how you shall get acquainted with people. Of course, you cannot do it at once. It must be a gradual thing, as circumstances and opportunity favor. There can be no general rule about such matters, except to render yourself so well-informed and agreeable, that your company will be worth having.

Nil Desperandum.—You say the lady you admire sometimes neglects your advances, and sometimes accepts them. Very well—that is generally the case with young ladies. If you wish to win her, and have not spoken plainly on the subject, we advise you to do so.

Roderick.—If you were at an evening visit where you were acquainted only with one of two sisters, that need not have prevented you from offering your services as an escort, as your friend would probably have introduced you to the other lady.

Poeta.—We do not know who the author of the “lines” you send us is, unless it be yourself. Should our supposition be correct, you will not be the first unfledged “poet” whose attempts to get his bantlings published in the Ledger have been foiled.

William Todd.—The best way for you to obtain the information you seek in regard to “Mr. Todd, the grandfather of Mrs. Lincoln, the wife of President Lincoln,” would be to address a proper note to that distinguished lady herself.

Charley O.—You gave a lady a fan not long since; afterwards, becoming vexed with you, she returned it, when you refused to take it. Were you right? It was a small matter anyhow—not worth returning on the part of the lady, and not worth debating with her on yours.

James.—Your brother can of course bring a suit for assault and battery against the person with whom he had the difficulty; but whether or not he can *gain* it, depends on the facts of the case and the skill of his lawyer.

Max.—It is not considered impolite for a gentleman soliciting correspondence from a lady, to enclose postage stamps for her use.

Mother.—A child should not be put to bed before it is sleepy, to get it out of the way. It is an act of great cruelty to do so.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*